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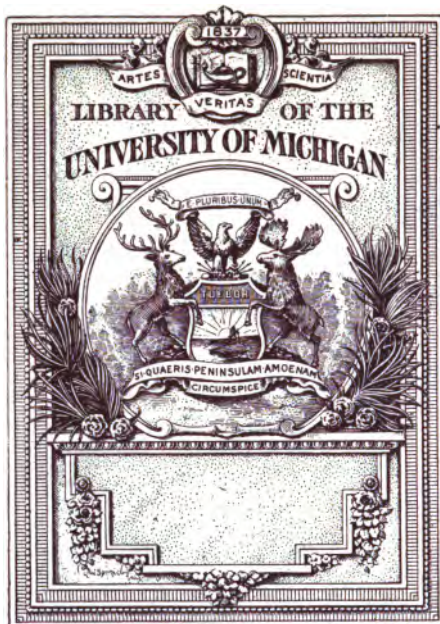
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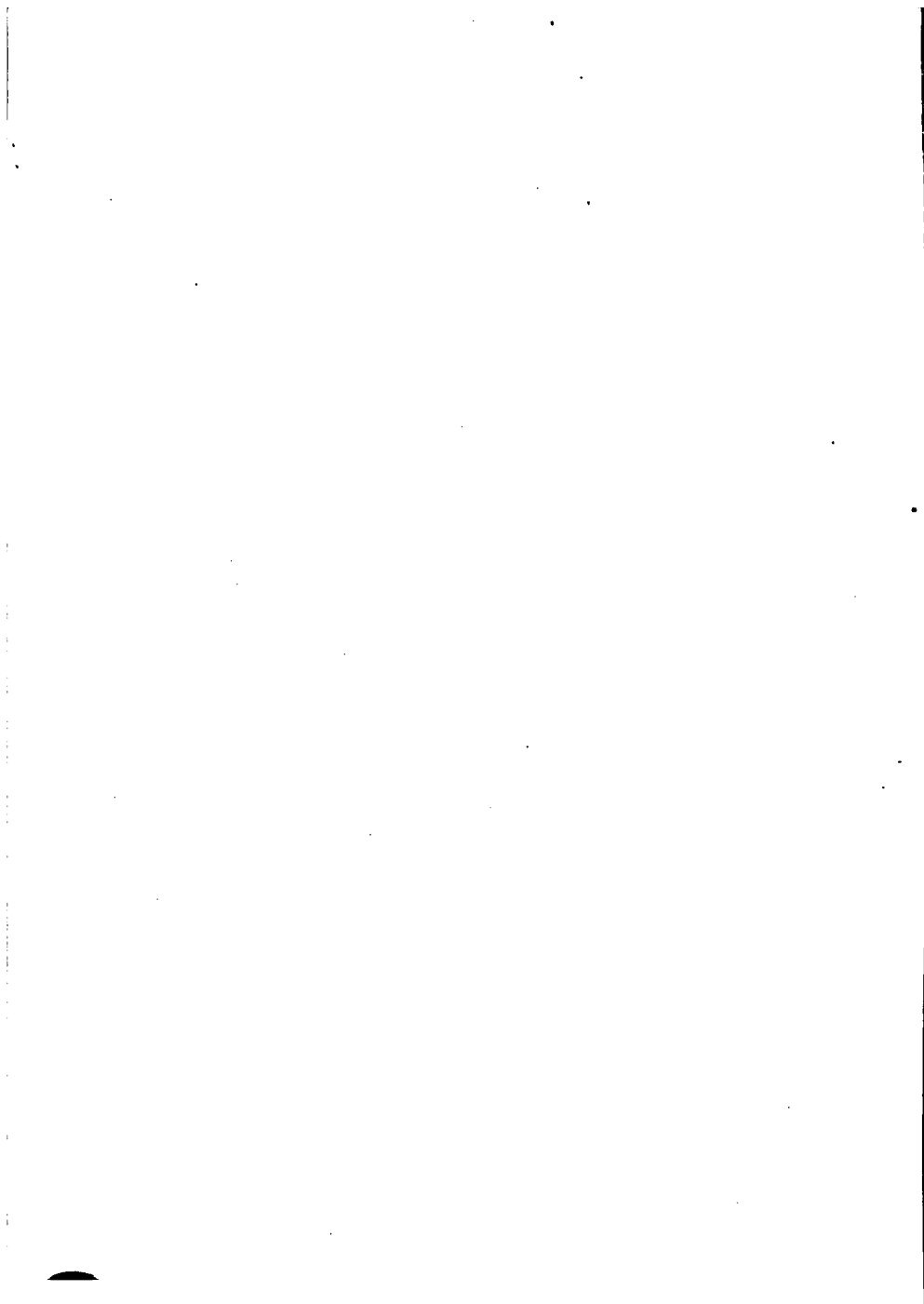
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THE BIBLE IN BRAZIL



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BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

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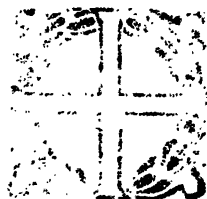
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A Reporter's Experiences

By

HENRY C. TUCKER

Member American Book Society



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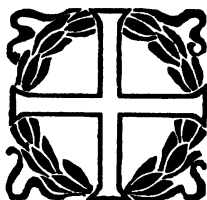
THE BIBLE IN BRAZIL

Colporter Experiences

By

HUGH C. TUCKER

Agent of the American Bible Society



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To the memory
of my sainted Father and Mother
this volume
is lovingly dedicated

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PREFACE

THE object in writing this volume is two-fold : first, to try to reveal more clearly to the Christian people of the United States and England the conditions which surround 17,000,000 of immortal souls on the American continent ; and in the second place to give some idea of what the Church of Christ is doing to save these people, and of the real progress the work is making. It is my purpose in considering the first proposition to give special emphasis to the ever enlarging opportunity and responsibility of the American and British and Foreign Bible Societies in the work of saving the Brazilian nation ; and in considering the second, to give the prominence justly due these societies for the very important and pioneer part they have taken in what has been done up to date for rescuing these millions.

It is furthermore hoped that in narrating the experiences of the fourteen years during which I have travelled extensively as Agent of the American Bible Society for Brazil, such information may be given concerning the people, the present condition of the country, its unlimited natural resources, and vast possibilities as may interest the

general reader, awaken investigation, and lead to a more definite knowledge of this so large and rich a portion of the "Neglected Continent."

The Monroe Doctrine would seem to imply that there rests upon the people of the United States a political and commercial responsibility for the highest welfare of all the countries on the American continent. The inquiry at least should suggest to the pious mind the thought of the tremendous responsibility that rests upon the Christian people of the United States for the deliverance of the Brazilians from the Roman yoke of bondage and the awful tyranny to which they have become enslaved.

Great Britain has large and ever increasing interests in Brazil which imply a corresponding responsibility in the moral and religious elevation of the nation.

HUGH C. TUCKER.

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The BIBLE *in* BRAZIL

I

The Country and People

BRAZIL has an area of about 3,280,000 square miles, its greatest length is approximately 2,600 miles, and breadth 2,500 miles. Topographically it may be divided into three sections; a higher region of plateaus, ridges or mountain ranges; broad open valleys, occupying that portion of the country south of the parallel of Cape St. Roque; and the vast Valley of the Amazon. In so extensive a territory as this, with so diversified a surface, there is naturally a considerable variety of climate. Great heat prevails throughout the northern division, lying near the equator, and its year may generally be divided into the wet and the dry seasons, while the elevation of the central and southern divisions, further removed from the equator, allow greater variety of climate. Beyond the tropic again, in a small section of the country, a temperate zone is reached, with its four seasons, though not so distinctly marked as in central Europe.

Brazil has a seaboard of 4,000 miles; it has many thousands of miles of river navigation, and about 2,700 miles of railroads, chiefly in the central states. In only three of the twenty states is there anything like a connected system. To traverse the great interior and carry the Word of God to the inhabitants spread over this vast region, great dependence must be placed on the faithful pack-mule.

In an effort to thus compass the land one must encounter the heat, sickness, privations, and hardships consequent upon a hot and malarial climate, and upon slow and inferior means of travel. Such a work necessarily involves also a large expenditure of money. When these difficulties have been overcome and the people have been reached, many obstacles arise from their intellectual and moral condition. Official statistics show that only about fifteen per cent of the entire population can read, and it is painfully depressing to one engaged in offering the Scriptures to every person, to hear about three-fourths of them say: "I don't know how to read." Another obstacle is the religious superstition of the people concerning the Bible we offer them, and the belief so strongly inculcated by the priests that they have no right to read even the version accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. The opposition to our work from that Church and the priesthood is most violent and constant. But among the educated and many of those who can read, there are still

other mental conditions which furnish great hindrance to a wide dissemination of the Scriptures. For many years the more enlightened people have been turning away from the superstitions and corruptions of their religious training, and not having the Truth to enlighten and guide them, but with French philosophies and the French novel at hand, they have become positivists, free-thinkers, spiritualists, atheists, and one knows not what. Corrupt in moral life and vitiated in mental tastes, many have become enveloped in a dense cloud of incredulity and absolute indifference. They laugh in scorn at the very idea of offering them the Bible. Sin of every kind is prevalent on every side. One of the most common forms of evil is the lottery. Gambling has become epidemic, and hundreds will spend their money for a lottery ticket, or a chance in some other form of gambling, who complain that they are too poor to buy a Bible. The Roman Catholic Church fosters this mania; it is not uncommon for her to establish by government permission lotteries for the benefit of her church buildings and other charitable institutions.

But another view of the case may help the reader to a more intelligent appreciation of the problem and the work to be set forth in this volume. Who are the 17,000,000 inhabitants scattered over this great territory under such intellectual, social and religious conditions? We may answer the inquiry by a few remarks upon the

aces here mingling together. Let us first consider that element of the population which we may designate as the whites.

By the fortunes of discovery and conquest Brazil began to be settled by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century. The attention of the higher classes of Portugal at that time was taken up with India, Brazil having been discovered by chance as a Portuguese fleet was endeavouring to make its way to that country by the Cape of Good Hope. As in so many other cases, for years adventurers and criminals composed a large element of the Portuguese settlers. The famous priest, Vieira, said in one of his eloquent discourses, "the settlers who are sent out are criminals taken from the dungeon, and perhaps put on board in irons;" while Southey adds that, "the train of hungry dependents who accompanied the Governor of a Captaincy were perhaps more prejudicial to the community than even these convicts." With some splendid exceptions, in general the principle of official morality was to the last degree relaxed, and the principle of honour in private life seems to have been debased by punctilios, and perverted till it became a motive or a pretext for the blackest crimes. It is true that the Governors were all charged to take care that the lives of the Portuguese should be such as might tend by the force of example to convert the savages; and there was a richly endowed religious institution for counteracting the

corruption of morals. But as the civil officers often became avaricious and immoral and the Church contented itself with the husk of superstitious ceremonies and the chaff of superstitious works, and supported its empire by the boldest arts of impudent imposture, there was little check put upon the tendencies and temptations of these early settlers in the new world.

From the time of the first settlement to 1808, when John VI. arrived in Brazil, removing the seat of the Portuguese Monarchy from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro, the white population had gradually increased, but at a very slow rate.

The first European settler in Bahia was Diogo Alvares, a young man of noble family, who was the only one of a shipwrecked party to escape death. He succeeded in rescuing from the wreck a few kegs of powder and a musket, and became known as "Caramuru,"—a man of fire. The people were filled with fear, but he soon made the chiefs understand that he would kill their enemies, and in a short time became a sovereign among them. The chiefs counted it a great fortune if he would accept their daughters to be his wives. When he had the opportunity of embarking on a French vessel to Europe he succeeded in persuading the King of Portugal to colonize the delightful country where he already had a numerous family growing up. Many of those settlers, building towns and villages along the coast, followed his example in their social and domestic in-

tercourse with the natives, and not a few of the best families of Bahia delight to trace their origin to this man.

The first person to take charge of a Captaincy in Brazil was Martin Affonso de Souza, who with a considerable party succeeded in establishing himself on the coast of what is now the State of São Paulo. He succeeded in making a treaty with the chief of the Gyayanazes through a shipwrecked Portuguese, who had been living among the savages, and to whom the chief of this tribe had given his daughter for a wife. This colony prospered from the beginning, and many other settlers of a better class were from time to time brought out. Among the first settlers in one of the Captaincies north of this were fifty fidalgos and men of royal birth, two of them having been banished to Brazil because of their atrocities and cruelties in the spice islands of the East. It is said of a fourth colony that it was headed by Pedro de Campo Tourinho, who was of a noble family, and that he was accompanied by his wife and children and a large body of good colonists. Another expedition was shipwrecked on the coast of Maranhão. One man who survived was a blacksmith. From the wreck he extracted pieces of iron with which he wrought, and thus made himself a great personage with a number of neighbouring chiefs, from whom he obtained their daughters for his wives. From many similar historic incidents recorded of colonial times, it is

evident that all classes from the convict to the family of noble blood, from the vilest wretch to the man of high moral and saintly character, were represented among the early white settlers of the country. Reference should also be made to the numbers of Jews, who by the Inquisition of Portugal in 1548, were banished to Brazil; the coming of the French from 1555-1615, and again from 1710 to 1712; the Dutch invasion from 1624-1654, and other smaller elements.

With the arrival of the royal family began a most rapid and continued influx of Portuguese, which greatly increased the population, not only of the city of Rio de Janeiro, but of the entire Brazilian coast and of many interior districts. With these came also a large number of other foreigners. The whole face of the country underwent a great and rapid change. The fashions of Europe, the festive ceremonies of a court, caused antiquated customs to give way, and new modes of life were adopted. All business assumed new aspects, foreign commercial houses were opened and artisans began to establish themselves in many places. Then came the printing press, schools and libraries, all of which brought a more cultured class of colonists. The Prince Regent began to bestow honours upon native Brazilians who had so kindly received the royal family: great excitement sprang up and thousands, by most degrading sycophancy, were soon seeking titular distinctions. A great battle was waged,

so to speak, between the Brazilians and the newly arrived Portuguese. Those knighted would not return to the debasing employment of agricultural and commercial life, and thus has developed during the nineteenth century a serious defect in Brazilian character. To secure government position, "to be clothed with a little brief authority," and secure a support for which very little service has to be rendered, men resort to all manner of intrigues.

We turn now to the red men of Brazil. While the same interest scarcely attaches to the aborigines of this country as has been generally manifested in the Incas of Peru or the Montezumas of Mexico, they form an important element in the study of the history of Brazil and the Brazilians. They are for the most part of a copper colour, of medium height, rather heavy set with muscular chests, thick, straight, black hair; black eyes and broad faces. In disposition they are generally apathetic and undemonstrative. The tribes are not habitually and widely nomadic, nor can they be said to be permanently settled. Each tribe in a general way keeps within certain limits, unless driven out by a superior force. As the country is well watered and abounds in the plantain, banana, yam, mandioca root, a great variety of vegetable palm, etc., as well as great quantities of fish and game, they have never felt the necessity of that mental effort and exertion which tends to civilization. It is evident that they knew the



INDIANS OF THE AMAZON VALLEY.

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use of fire for roasting, boiling and drying food before they knew the white man. They used fire also for making signals when hunting in the forests, and its use for warming the body was common. Their method of producing fire was by the friction of two pieces of wood.

Their moral and social characteristics show faint evidences of the existence of the family, marriage customs, etc. The most generally prevailing religious belief among them seems to be that there are three great or chief gods, the Sun, god of the animal kingdom; the Moon, god of the vegetable kingdom, and Ruda, god of love or of all reproduction. Besides these they have a multitude of subordinate and inferior gods for various purposes. Their burial custom of depositing at the grave the bow and arrow and vessels in which they prepare food, would indicate that they have some idea of immortality in the "happy hunting ground" of the future. The curious custom, observed in some tribes when a person dies, of hanging a certain number of his friends and relatives, as nearly as might be of his own age, in order that he might have suitable company in the next world, would also indicate this belief.

On the whole many of the aborigines of Brazil have been found warlike, ferocious, vengeful and bloodthirsty. It is stated that some of them were cannibals, and ate their enemies with great ceremony: some made war for the purpose of obtain-

ing human food: while others ate their relatives as a mark of honour and distinguished consideration.

There was at first considerable friendliness between them and the whites, resulting in the introduction both of the arts of civilization and many vices hitherto unknown to the savages. Then followed efforts on the part of the Europeans to enslave them, resented by the chiefs and resulting in a series of the most cruel and bloody encounters that have ever taken place between civilized man and savage. The Jesuit missionaries did much to ameliorate this miserable and inhuman state of things. Through their efforts and the civilizing influences of the Europeans thousands have been gradually absorbed into the mixed population, and whole tribes have disappeared. It has been a process of absorption and extinction.

The importation of negroes to Brazil began in a general way with the arrival of the first white settlers. As early as 1548 we read of a certain garrison in Brazil which was composed of 90 Europeans and 30 slaves, some of whom were negroes. It is stated also that in 1516 a slave was offered for a hatchet. With the growth of the country in colonial times the importation of blacks constantly increased, and the slave trade continued until 1850. I have seen the statement accredited to a Brazilian author, that "it was considered cheaper on the farms to use up a slave in five or seven years and purchase another than to

take care of him." When the slave-trade was abolished it is said that the selfish interest of taking better care of them was greatly increased. The number of blacks given in the census of 1872 was 1,954,452, or 19.68 per cent of the entire population. A Brazilian writer has said that the negroes form the most robust race of Brazil, and that a larger percentage of them preserve themselves pure from intermarriage than of either of the other races.

The features which differentiate them to-day from the North American negroes are doubtless due to the vast differences in the social, intellectual, and religious influences and conditions under which they have been living. They were so numerous in Bahia as early as 1690 that a traveller might have supposed himself in Negroland. They were brought from India and Africa and were preferred to the natives of Brazil, because they were stronger and more industrious, and were not so easily tempted to make their escape, being deterred by the savages around them. The priests have generally been considered the friends of the slaves, and their system of religion has accommodated itself with wonderful facility to the superstitious and idolatrous tendencies of the negroes, as well as of the red men. Our Lady of the Rosary,—the peculiar patron saint of the blacks,—is sometimes painted as a negress; but while it is true that the mass of the blacks have become Roman Catholics, or rather baptized pagans, yet

many of them still follow the superstitions and fetichism of their African ancestors.

The condition of the blacks had its mitigations and ameliorations through the long period of gradual progress and improvement that characterized Brazilian civilization from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the final and complete emancipation of slavery in the year 1888. But their history in Brazil under its very best colouring is a rather dark picture. Since their liberation they have drifted largely from the plantations to the towns and villages, and many are killing themselves with drink. Their number is certainly not increasing rapidly if at all.

The official census taken in the year 1890 gave the following, whites 6,302,198; blacks 2,097,426; Indians 1,295,796, and mixed races 4,638,495. It is generally believed that thousands of quadroons, octoroons and other degrees of mixed bloods were classified as whites. It is not improbable therefore that a strictly correct report would very materially decrease the returns for the white column and increase that for the mixed. If we estimate the population at 17,000,000, at the close of the year 1900, I suppose a fairly correct estimate would be, whites 6,000,000, blacks 2,200,000, Indians 1,300,000, and mixed races 7,500,000. Of the Indians it is estimated that about 500,000 are partly civilized, leaving 800,000 yet in the wild or savage state. In a general way there is free intercourse and marriages are frequent between

the whites, blacks and mixed races, and these occasionally intermarry with the domesticated Indians. They all mingle together under one government, enjoying much the same social and religious privileges, and are at peace so far as any colour or race distinctions are concerned. There are class distinctions in society, but they are governed more by wealth, position, and influence than by colour. With a limited few there exists a strong race prejudice, or perhaps I had better say a conviction that it is better for humanity that the races exist separate from each other. At any rate the amalgamation of these three races has been going on in Brazil for four hundred years under climatic, social and religious conditions not conducive to the development of the highest moral tone of character. The influences of priestcraft, the convent, slavery and other conditions have tended to give much seclusion to the family life, or rather to the female portion of the family. Some think, and it may be true in a measure, that this seclusion is traceable to the Moorish manners, relics of which have existed in Portugal and the colonies. The official statistics of 1890 show that 2,603,489 persons, or nearly one-sixth of the population at that time, were born out of wedlock. Certain Catholic institutions have an opening in the wall next to the street, with a kind of wheel arrangement where these illegitimate and abandoned babes may be deposited to be taken in and cared for by the Sisters

of Charity. The official statistics above referred to show that 12,265 of the population living in the year 1890 belonged to this class.

It is painful to mention such facts as the above, but the Church of Christ must know the spiritual needs of this people. There are very many pleasant and delightful things to be said about the people in general, as there are many exceptions to these lamentable defects. They are generally warm-hearted, hospitable, and generous in their nature, and show great deference to the stranger who comes into their midst. After fifteen years' residence and labour among them it gives me very great pleasure to record the very cordial reception, hospitable entertainment and thousands of kind attentions I have received from all classes throughout the entire country. What opposition and violence I have suffered has been occasioned by my message of life and salvation, the Word of God. These noble elements of hospitality and generosity under gospel influences become prominent and potent in the development of Christian character. The Gospel is finding a fruitful soil in Brazil, and already the results show the development of some splendid Christian characters.

The moral and intellectual conditions are such that the Evangelical work must begin on the very lowest plane. There seems to be in the average Brazilian character as we see in most Latin countries an absence of the sense of sin. Immoralities are practiced without shame, falsehoods are per-

petrated with the boldness of genuine veracity, and crimes are committed without fear of punishment. The three most prevalent forms of sin are mendacity, sensuality, and gambling. These are peculiar to no classes or grades of society, but are common everywhere: they are indulged in without shame or fear by persons in every grade of political, professional, commercial and social standing. So general is this insensibility that there is no public conscience to cry out against these evils: there seems to be no moral sentiment to be scandalized by these atrocities. Well may it be asked what has the Roman Catholic Church been doing in Brazil for these centuries? There can be no doubt that her false system and the corrupt lives of her priests have in a very large measure tended to plunge the Brazilian conscience into this awful abyss of spiritual blindness.

The first work of the Gospel and the missionary then in this country is to instruct the mind by undeceiving it, arouse the conscience from this dreadful apathy, enlighten the sensibilities, and teach men that they are living in sin and incurring the wrath of God day by day, though they may stand well in society and in high favour with the Church.

There has been accumulated in Brazil during the latter half of the nineteenth century a wealth of testimony to the fact that the Written Word of God, the Bible, is a most potent agency for awak-

ening Brazilians out of their spiritual slumber, arousing them to a sense of their awful doom, and leading them to Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man, the only Saviour of sinners.

A few further considerations of a rather historical nature may be of interest to the reader, and serve to show how the Bible has been shut out from the Brazilians by the Roman Church, and also how the even small efforts made by Protestants to circulate it have been opposed by the priests.

The Holy Scriptures were opened and read on an island in the bay of Rio de Janeiro by French Huguenots in the year 1555. About a year later at the solicitation of Coligny, who has been termed the patron of this colonization enterprise, and at the request of the Genevan clergy, Philippe de Carguilleray took charge of the reinforcements for the colony, and Calvin with his elders in convocation appointed two preachers to this mission. On their arrival a room was prepared and one of the ministers preached that day. Orders were given that they should have prayers every evening after work was done, and that one sermon be preached every week day and two on Sunday. Doubtless the colony was well supplied with copies of Lefevre's New Testament, which at that time was being circulated in France by the thousands.

In 1553, seven Jesuits had been sent out to

Brazil to strengthen and extend the work of the Roman Catholic Church, and Loyola, recognizing the importance of their mission, delegated new powers to Nobrega, who was already in charge. This mission was full of that hostility of the Roman Church which sought so vigorously, in Europe, to suppress the Reformation. In the uncultivated soil of the New World it found favourable conditions for the growth and full development of the traditional features of the Council of Trent, so recently enacted in 1546, whose decrees taught that the Christian faith was contained partly in the Holy Scriptures and partly in the traditions of the Church, declared the authenticity of the Latin Vulgate, forbade all private interpretation of it, and ordered that no copies be printed or circulated without authority, under penalty of fine and anathema.

Through the treachery of Villegagnon, these Jesuits soon obliterated, in a most brutal manner, the Huguenot colony, and furnished a striking example of what was desired to be done in all the world with those who dared to assert the authority of the Holy Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice, and to teach and practice the same. Under the influence of those decrees, virtually prohibiting the circulation and the reading of the Scriptures, and establishing the authority of the traditions as containing the Christian faith, began a juggling with the credulity of mankind which has led to the invention and multiplication

of fables and legends as monstrous as the wildest fictions of romance.

Robert Southey, in speaking of how the monastic orders vied with each other, wrote: "It would be impossible to say which order has exceeded the other in Europe in this rivalry, each having carried the audacity of falsehood to its utmost bounds: but in Brazil the Jesuits bore the palm."

Of the seven Jesuits sent out in 1553 one was Anchieta, who became their leader, and about whom the greatest number of legends and fables were invented. He has been styled by some "the Thaumaturgus of the New World," being the head of all the inhabitants and having authority over the elements and animals of America as the first Adam had in Paradise. He was also called the Vice Christ, and belief in his miracle-working virtues was carried to such an extent that after his death water that had been poured over one of his bones is said to have worked more than twelve hundred miracles, and that a few drops of it turned water into wine. One of the censors of the press at Lisbon said, that, "so long as the publication of the book in which these assertions are made is delayed, so long will the faithful be deprived of great benefit and God himself of glory." This Anchieta was a leading spirit in the destruction of the Protestant colony and in putting an end to that early effort to introduce the Bible into Brazil. He thus sowed

the seed of bitter opposition to the Bible which has produced during these centuries such a widespread rejection of the revealed Will of God, and a consequent harvest of absurd traditions, superstitions and ignorance in matters of religion. Southey, writing in 1810 of the extravagances to which these superstitions were carried in Brazil, says, "Let the Roman Church appeal to its canons and its councils as it may, its practices were those of polytheism and idolatry." Romanism has had an almost undisturbed career of nearly another hundred years in this country since the above statement was made, and a study of the situation to-day abundantly justifies the declaration that its practices are polytheistic and idolatrous. These are the legitimate and inevitable results of that prohibition it has placed upon the reading of the Bible. It has never made an attempt to give the people of this country the Word of God, but on the contrary has constantly and most violently opposed and persecuted all efforts made by the Bible Society to circulate the Scriptures. It is a significant fact that the Bible was not enumerated among the books that might be admitted into Brazil while this country was under the dominion of Portugal.

In Protestant countries the pulpit is constantly exhorting the people to the duty of reading the Scriptures: here in Brazil the missionary has to begin by persuading the people that they have even a right to read the Bible. Pascal has said:

“Mahomet established his authority in a prohibition to read, and Jesus Christ His in a command to read.” The Pope of Rome has established his authority over the Brazilian conscience by prohibiting the Bible, Jesus Christ now comes to deliver the nation and establish His authority over their souls by commanding them to search the Scriptures which testify of Him.

II

Rio de Janeiro

THERE is perhaps no spot on the earth where the grandeur, beauty and harmonies of surrounding nature stand out in such bold contrast to the littleness, loathsomeness, and incongruity of the religious character and ideas of the people as in the city of Rio de Janeiro.

The former has been described in glowing terms by many well known writers. The harbour is one of the largest, safest, most beautiful in the world: "a miniature summer sea, sleeping within the embrace of granitic mountain chains, upon whose bosom rest a hundred fairy isles, and around whose shores, dimple a hundred tiny bays." The coast is mountainous and picturesque in the extreme, its rough outline giving rise to the name "The Sleeping Giant," while one peculiarly prominent cliff was a half century ago popularly known as "Lord Hood's Nose."

The city itself spreads in a kind of crescent shape around the western side of the bay, its environs extending along the beaches, and running up on the hills. The effect of this scattered disposition of the houses, especially at night when

the clusters of lights appear on the hillsides, Mrs. Agassiz found "exceedingly pretty." Add to this the wonderful flora of the tropics, with its marvellous light and shade, the curious spires of the churches, the variegated colours of the houses, set in the background of brown and grey peaks, lighted up by the shiny water of the bay, and the whole scene forms a most entrancing picture.

In 1897 during a visit from Bishop Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, a party of us held a sunrise prayer meeting on the summit of Mount Corcovado. He describes it as follows: "But the episode which will have the longest and most vivid remembrance was the sunrise prayer meeting Saturday morning on the summit of Corcovado. Arrangements had been made for a special train on 'the Cog road,' and never did a happier company climb that or any other mountain on earth. We left our homes shortly after four o'clock, and at five were in the car ready to make the glorious ascent. A marvellous piece of engineering is that road, climbing to the summit, 2,300 feet above, in about forty minutes. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful picture than that presented as we ascended the mountain, except the one which called forth rapturous exclamations as we stood upon the heights. Around every curve we had a new view of the gas-lighted city below us, with the waters of the bay, dotted with islands and ocean steamers, shimmering under the flashes

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from electric dynamos. Above us the skies were cloudless and the stars shone with a brilliancy only seen in the southern heavens. The morning was perfect, and the joyous company of forty-four stood on Corcovado before the sun began to peep through the distant hills. But we had not long to wait before the crimson streaks appeared, announcing the royal 'bridegroom coming out of his chamber.' Below us the city was yet in darkness, except as the shadows were relieved by the lamps of the streets, and off to the right the billows were breaking on the surf-beaten shore. A hymn was sung, some appropriate Scripture passages were read, and while prayer was being offered the sun swept through the gates of the morning and flooded mountain peaks and distant hills with flames of gold. He rose between two mountain peaks, and as the bright beams flashed upward and then down upon the shimmering sea at our feet, it looked like a massive cathedral window through which the light streamed in splendour. Off to the left were the Organ Mountains—happily named—and as the sun's rays fell on each peak they had the exact appearance of the gilded pipes of a grand organ, which seemed to play the musical accompaniment, while the whole company joined in joyous song. Oh, it was a moment of rapture! The stars had never seemed so bright. Venus appeared twice her ordinary size, and shone like a sun. And it was not until the king was well up

above the mountain that the queen of the morning withdrew from view. All through the night she had waited for her lord's coming.

"An hour was given to song, prayer, and testimony. Some of the native brethren spoke with deep emotion and genuine eloquence. With streaming eyes one brother looked out on the bay, which was a very sea of gold, and referred to the fact that from those waters he was once almost miraculously rescued; 'but,' said he, 'I have been more wonderfully delivered from the depths of iniquity, and to-day my feet are planted upon a rock—yea upon a mountain summit.' Another learned a lesson from the powerful engine which pushed our car up the steep mountain side, and said, so God's grace had been pushing him onward and upward, until he had reached a mount of vision. At length we all knelt in silent prayer for a moment, and solemnly received the benediction. Down the mountain we came, singing hymns that waked the distant echoes and called the cottagers to their doors and windows. We sang the 'Sweet Bye and Bye' in two languages at the same time, but to the same tune. As I listened to the familiar notes, I said in my heart: 'So the praises of God may be sung in every tongue, and yet in perfect harmony.' As we saw the darkness which shrouded the city below us lift and float away before the light of the morning, every heart prayed that so may the shadows

be driven from this beautiful land by the bright shining of the Sun of righteousness."

It was the 4th of July, 1886, when I landed in Rio de Janeiro. For fourteen months I served as pastor of an English speaking congregation at the Cattete Methodist Episcopal Church South, also conducting a boy's school. On September 7th, 1887, the anniversary of Brazil's independence, corresponding to the other date in my own country's history, I entered the service of the American Bible Society, and since then my special mission has been to give to the Brazilians the written Word of God, for so many centuries a sealed book.

On that September morning, I went into the building at No. 79 Rua Sete de Setembro (Seventh of September Street) in the centre of the city, climbed two flights of stairs, and entered a large room with three windows opening into the street, the office and depository of the Brazil Agency of the American Bible Society. I found a desk, a few chairs, a row of bookshelves against one wall, and a number of boxes of books from New York. A colporteur, Sr. Manoel Joaquim T. Paulo, had been looking after affairs for a few months since my predecessor the Rev. Wm. Brown sailed for New York. The second floor of the building was occupied by "The Rio News," whose editor, Mr. A. J. Lamoureux, showed me many kind attentions,

and has during these years rendered me much valuable help in the efforts to organize and carry forward the work of Bible distribution.

For seven years that upper room was the office and general depository of the Agency; all the boxes of books handled were carried up and down those two flights of stairs on a man's head, the usual method of carrying heavy loads in Brazil. It is a curious sight, for instance, to see four men going through the streets with an immense piano on their heads. Rents were high and we were not prepared to open a store on the street, so there we remained. But, as our work enlarged and circumstances changed, we found it necessary to seek a ground floor and have an open store with the Bible on the counter and in the show-window. This publicity of our work has been the occasion of many interesting conversations and the sale of hundreds of copies of the precious Words of Life. In a country where the Bible has been for centuries a forbidden book, it is a matter of no small import to have open day by day a store for the sole purpose of selling it. Rents, license, and other expenses may seem a very considerable outlay, but experience has proven that it is a wise investment. Hundreds of passers-by have stood at the show window and read the open book; some of all classes have come in to buy; others have returned to read what might be on the next page when the leaf

was turned; and many have gone away to meditate on what they have read.

Another advantage of the open store is the aspect of permanency and prominence it gives to the Bible cause. It has become a kind of centre or headquarters for Christian workers in the city and for those passing through.

The commercial feature of the work of the Agency has been of great value in bringing the Bible Society before the people. The very fact that the books have to enter through the custom house and pay a small duty; pass through the hands of steamship companies, over railroads, and through commercial agencies; be picked up by pack-mules and transported for hundreds of miles through the interior, all this has been a most effective form of advertising. Again the handling of from 50,000 to 75,000 copies of the Scriptures annually becomes a matter of some commercial importance. Hundreds of letters pass through the mails annually, the envelopes bearing the stamp, "Agencia da Sociedade Biblica Americana." One result has been to arouse inquiry as to what it means; another to break down prejudices and awaken serious thought. If men will give their money and time to carry on such a business in a legitimate way, surely the Bible must be considered of great importance in the United States and England, even if it has been despised in Brazil. As I have watched the whole

movement in all of its bearings, especially for the last seven years, I have been more and more impressed with the importance and significance of the open Bible store. It would be a blessing to have one in every large city of the Republic.

Of course, much depends upon the man at the counter. The man who has been in charge most of the time, is Sr. João de Silva Pereira. Before his conversion a common labourer with very limited education, he has proved, both during service as a colporteur and in charge of the salesroom, a most faithful and efficient worker. In the year 1892, I had an interesting visit from a man who had come a five days' journey on muleback, and then nearly two hundred and fifty miles by railroad, to hear the preaching of the Gospel, receive Christian baptism, and make profession of his faith in Christ. He was a brother of João. The latter had been on a journey and was taken sick while working in an interior town in the State of Minas Geraes. He received much attention from a young man, who, on learning his name, remarked that he knew a person of the same name who lived a long distance from there. The colporteur recognized the name as that of his brother, whom he had not seen for thirty years. He at once opened communication with him and sent him a Bible and some religious papers from the depository. The man, then perhaps seventy years of age, came all this distance to learn more of the way of truth. He was baptized and re-

ceived into full membership in one of the churches of this city. He told me that he had been at work among his neighbours, many of whom were anxious to know more of the Gospel.

This may be said to be the fruit of one Bible sent by mail five days' journey beyond the railroad. No colporteur or preacher of the Gospel had ever visited that community.

On another occasion he addressed a letter to the keeper of the jail in an interior town, whose name he did not know, and sent him a copy of one of the Gospels. He received a kind reply with an expression of desire to know more about this interesting book, and sent a Bible with some tracts and Gospels to be distributed among the prisoners. The following is one of the letters he received:

"FRIEND SR. JOÃO:

"Together with your letter I received the hymn book and the New Testament to be delivered to the prisoner, Carlos Antonio Vieira, which I did immediately and for which he is very grateful. I also distributed the papers among the prisoners; they were not sufficient for all but I distributed so that all could read them. For lack of time I have read but little in the Bible, the treasure of which you made a present to me. From the little that I have read of the passages marked I have been much benefited. When I read, I call together all the family to hear, and sometimes people from outside have heard. As I have many nephews and relatives here, some of

them are accustomed to come at night to hear the words of our Redeemer. I hope to relate to you ere long the effect that this may produce.

“Accept the good wishes of your brother,
“VENANCIO DA SILVA PRADO.”

Later I had the pleasure of baptizing this man and receiving him into the Church. About the same time there came a letter from a lieutenant in the same place, expressing his great pleasure in the reading of the Scriptures. These are but illustrations of the many ways besides selling over the counter that Sr. João has employed to circulate the Scriptures and to lead men to Christ.

While we have sought to circulate the Bible from the counter, we have at the same time had colporteurs constantly at work in the city, going into the markets and through the streets, and all round about the suburbs, seeking in every palace and hamlet to offer the inhabitants the written message of salvation.

I have observed, however, that the native colporteurs were inclined to confine their efforts in this and other large cities principally to the markets and sections inhabited by the middle and lower classes, while the chief merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers and others were being neglected. Accordingly one of our best qualified men, Mr. F. C. Glass, to whose work reference will be made elsewhere, undertook a canvass of the larger establishments and offices in the centre of the city. The results have been most gratifying, and the

sales far beyond what we had expected. His experiences and the conversations had about the Bible would make a thrilling little volume.

In this connection I may refer to the courteous acknowledgment of a copy of the Bible presented to President Prudente Moraes on the occasion of his inauguration, expressing his thanks for the favour conferred.

Not long since I was talking with a photographer about the Bible; he said he had once been in the United States, and what impressed him most on his arrival in New York in 1851, after a long voyage, was that a man from the Bible House came on board and offered to supply all on the vessel with the Scriptures in their own languages. He says that he remained in the country but a short time, but that he has ever since been a reader of the Bible, which has had an influence over his life for nearly fifty years. Though he had not formally left the Roman Catholic Church, he had long since abandoned its unscriptural practices. As our interview was about to end, I handed him my card showing that I was agent for the Bible Society in Brazil. He was delighted to recognize me, and was so grateful for the Bible which was placed in his hands so long ago that tears of joy ran down his cheeks. His locks are frosty with age, and he may not long remain on earth, but I trust that that Bible may yet be of greater comfort to him.

There are a number of Roman Catholic

churches, convents and charitable institutions of note in and around the city. Our Bible distribution is carried on under the shadows of their many towers and about their great walls. Many of the multitude of priests about the city are active in their opposition to and denunciations of our work. One day a colporteur, Sr. André Cayret, while crossing the bay on the ferry, went among the passengers, offering his Bibles; a priest among them was greatly aroused, and came up asking the price of the books. The colporteur had not observed that he was opposing their sale. When told the amount he took the money from his pocket, handed it to the colporteur and took charge of the Bibles and Testaments. He then warned all the passengers that they were evil and dangerous books, and said that in evidence of his desire to destroy them, he had paid his own money for them, and that he was going to throw them into the water, which he did without giving the colporteur even a chance to try to get them back.

I was preaching once in the theatre of a small town in the north of Brazil, and had among my auditors a girl who had recently bought a New Testament from one of our colporteurs. Later her father moved to Rio de Janeiro. She became a teacher in one of the Mission Schools, was converted and joined one of the Protestant churches. She never goes to church without her Bible in her hand. A few months ago, as she was pass-



MANGO TREE NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO.

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ing along the principal street of this city, she chanced to meet a priest who had been a great friend of the family, and still manifests much interest in them. As she stopped to shake hands with him, she passed the Bible from her right to her left hand. He said, "What book is that you have?" She replied by turning the back to him with the word "Biblia" on it in gold letters. He exclaimed, "Oh, my child, you must not read that book; throw it away." Of course, she did no such thing, but tried to make him realize its priceless value. He is said to be one of the most enlightened Brazilian priests, and this incident took place in broad daylight in the most frequented street of the city of Rio de Janeiro.

But let us turn now to another item in the work about Rio. Some time ago application was made to the American Bible Society for a grant from the fund for printing the Scriptures for the blind, sufficient to print the Gospel of John in Portuguese. A contract was made to have the work done in the Institute Benjamin Constant, at Rio de Janeiro. On the completion of the book I at once announced it in our Protestant mission papers and sent out a little circular asking for the addresses of the blind who could read. There appeared immediately in one of the Roman Catholic papers of the city the following notice:

"It is with deep regret that we here relate a grievous fact that occurred in the Institute Benjamin Constant for the blind. This establish-

ment, in charge of Dr. Brazil Silvado, to whom we owe much, not only as regards public order and safety (he having recently been the Chief of Police for the city), but also for the founding of the model school 'Fifteenth of November,' was visited a number of times by a Protestant pastor, who, after much palaver, ordered printed some five hundred copies of the Gospel of John (mutilated and savouring of the reformers) according to the point system for the blind. We do not know whether the said pastor paid, or is going to pay for the work, but we may take it for granted that he will pay for it, because the name of Dr. Brazil Silvado is a guarantee; however, let the unfortunates who have lost their sight be upon their guard, for it is designed to make them a present of a book condemned by the Holy Church.

"We do not think this act of the Protestants very generous or courteous; they wish to take advantage of the fact that there does not exist a variety and an abundance of literature in the point system for the blind, and also to take advantage of these our brothers. Since they have not accomplished anything among those who can see, they now endeavour to extend their propaganda in an establishment for the blind.

"It is with great sorrow that we mention these facts, especially since they occurred in an establishment directed by Dr. Brazil Silvado the founder of the school 'Fifteenth of November,'

but the exceptional gravity of the notice justifies our fear. It behooves the Catholic associations, and more particularly the well deserving Society of St. Vincente de Paulo, to visit and interest themselves in the blind, deaf and dumb, etc., and in general all those who suffer and have need of comfort and consolation. We are here ready to receive of all charitable persons, offerings, be they ever so small, for the purpose of printing and distributing gratuitously for the blind a true copy of the Gospel of John."

Two weeks after this appeal had been made the same paper announced that four dollars had been subscribed for this purpose, and half of that was promised by the editor.

Before taking from the printing office of this establishment the last hundred copies of the Gospel, I sought to know how many of the blind desired to read it. There were in the school some eight or ten professors and some seventy odd pupils. I was greatly delighted to have about half of the teachers and pupils come up and ask for copies; many of them seemed very grateful, and expressed most hearty delight at the thought of now being able to read some part of the Word of God for themselves. Since then I have had several applications for copies from students in the school, and we are getting applications from all sections of the country from those who have been taught to read in this institution.

I presented copies of the work to six of the

principal and most liberal daily papers of the city; and each of them made public acknowledgment and gave very complimentary notices of the book and of the American Bible Society. This served to bring the work to the attention of the public as could not have otherwise been done.

One day, just as I passed out of the door of our Bible store, my attention was attracted to a blind man on the opposite side of the street being led by a boy. I had gone but a few steps when the inquiry arose in my mind, whether or not he might be able to read according to the system for the blind, and I was led to turn and follow them. When I asked him if he knew how to read, he replied that he did, and that he had been taught in the Institute for the Blind in this city. I asked him if he had any books to read. He replied, "yes, two or three," and that if I desired one, he could get it for me from the Institute. To my inquiry whether he would like to have another book, one of which perhaps he had known nothing; he replied that he would, and led by the boy he followed me into the store. I handed him a copy of the Gospel of St. John. He at once began to read and expressed great surprise, it was so new and wonderful to him. As he read aloud, sitting near the door, the people passing in the street were soon attracted by the sight, and one after another stopped to listen, evidently never before having seen a blind person reading. By and by I asked him to read the ninth chapter,

which gives the account of the opening of the eyes of the man born blind. About twenty-five persons had gathered around him. He was greatly delighted and interested in the story, and the hearers seemed as much interested now in what he was reading as they had been at first in seeing him read. After a time he went on his way rejoicing, carrying with him his treasure, and saying that he had several blind friends whom he would tell about this beautiful book. I have never had more grateful expressions from any persons than have come from the blind who have received copies of the Gospel of St. John.

The following story strikingly illustrates how God works through his written Word. Twenty years ago a negro slave living in a small village at the foot of the Organ mountains, which overlook the city of Rio de Janeiro, was sent to clean away the trash that had accumulated under a shed adjoining the house. There was a barrel filled with old papers which he was ordered to empty, and as he was throwing them out, he discovered an old book; opening it he saw the name of Jesus Christ, and concluded that it must be a good book. The title page reads: "O Novo Testamento, isto é o Novo Concerto de Nosso Fiel Senhor e Redemptor, Jesu Christo." He hid the book under his coat until the day's work was done. He was a devout Roman Catholic, and had learned to read for the purpose of reading the prayers of the church. At night he sat down

by a dim light in his cabin, and there he remained the whole night reading that wonderful book. No sleep came to his eyes, but, as he told me, many times tears flowed down his cheeks, though he could not tell why. Night after night he would read, and many times the reading would make him weep. This was kept up for seventeen years. He kept the book with great care and reverence, and would never allow anything to be placed on top of the box where he kept it; he regarded it a thing so holy that he would never allow the dust to collect on the box. He had images and saints, but this book soon became to him more sacred and holy than they. For seventeen years he kept wondering day by day what was the real meaning of all the wonderful things he was reading from that book.

A few years ago he happened to be in a small village near the Bay of Rio, where he met a black woman who was a member of one of the Protestant churches of Rio. As soon as she knew that he had read the New Testament she began talking with him about it. He asked many questions, and she gave answers and explanations. He says that in this conversation, as with Saul of Tarsus, the scales fell from his eyes, the love of God filled his soul, and he then and there found a peace and joy for which he had been longing seventeen years.

Shortly thereafter he returned to his cabin in the mountains, and for two years saw no one of

this faith. A year ago one of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society passing through that section for the first time, chanced to meet him; from the colporteur he received some instruction and bought a Bible.

While conducting a little service in the dining room of a hotel at a village in the mountains, my attention was attracted by the intelligent interest and hearty appreciation manifested by an old black man who sat near me. After the service I had a conversation with him, and he related to me the story I have told. I shall never forget the joy and brightness expressed by that black face. It was marvellous to hear him tell the story of that Testament and of his conversion. He had obtained a wonderful knowledge of the Word of God just from reading that book. The next morning, as I was leaving the hotel, he made me a present of his precious treasure, saying that since he bought the Bible with larger print, he did not need the Testament, and as it might be of service to me he would give it up for the good of the cause.

This Testament was printed at Chelsea, England, 1817, by Tilling & —nes (the first part of the second name has been destroyed by some means). The name H. Hayne is the first on the flyleaf, then comes that of Manoel Florianno de Souza. The name of the old man who gave it me is Francisco Manoel Lago. I have seen it recorded somewhere that from 1820 to 1836 a

few copies of the Scriptures in Portuguese were sent from England to English merchants residing in Rio, and by them were given to people coming in from the country. I have found an occasional copy of these early consignments still in existence; some of them have wrought wonderful results, and I think it quite probable that the Testament now in question may have found its way to Brazil at that early date, perhaps eighty years ago.

We might go on multiplying incidents and observations of the work in and about Rio sufficient to fill a volume. This chapter however would not be complete without a reference to other features of the evangelistic work in close sympathy with that of the American Bible Society. Missionaries of different Boards, pastors of various denominations have been most efficient colabourers, while not a few laymen have been loyal supporters of the work. I mention first my colleague in Bible distribution, the Rev. João M. dos Santos, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, also pastor of the Evangelical Fluminense Church, an independent movement started by a Scotchman, Dr. Robert R. Kalley in the year 1855, and with a membership of 587. Mr. Santos, a Brazilian who was educated for the ministry in England, has been agent for the Bible Society since 1879. During this period he reports 46,234 Bibles, 96,411 New Testaments

and 229,137 separate Gospels and portions of Scripture put into circulation. For the fourteen years of my connection with the American Bible Society Agency, he has kept an open store in an important street in the centre of the city. We have all the time been near neighbours, and our relations have been most cordial. On account of his pastorate he has not been able to travel extensively with his colporteurs.

The churches and missionaries connected with the various missions have at all times entered heartily into the work. Independent Christian workers about the city have done much for Bible distribution and not a few foreign merchants, business and professional men have given substantial support in many ways, while government officials have shown their good will in various ways. The United States diplomatic and consular representatives have been most courteous and attentive.

The Young Men's Christian Association, under the direction of Mr. Myron A. Clark, who was sent out by the International Committee, was organized in the office of the American Bible Society Agency in this city in the year 1893. This movement has prospered and the Association has a magnificent building in the centre of the city. The relations between our work and theirs have all the time been most cordial and helpful.

The Bible Society owes a debt of gratitude to

all the Evangelical papers published in this city and throughout the country; they now number about a dozen.

On the inner circle of office work there have been at times vexations and hardships. To an American, many of the Brazilian ways of dispatching business in the Custom-House, Post Office and other Public Departments, in railroad and steamship offices, banks and commercial houses are indeed a mystery. Often one cannot help having the conviction that Public Departments exist principally for giving employment to the largest number of employees. The delays and the time required to get through with the red tape ceremony and the tedious route of a multitude of secretaries in dispatching the simplest paper are enough to try the patience of the most forbearing; then after spending many days, buying a number of revenue stamps and paying so many fees, to be told, when you ask for your paper, "só amanhã," (only to-morrow) will they be ready, is trying in the extreme.

South American Republics are famous for revolutions, and Brazil, the youngest of them all, is not without a small share in the fame. The most notable in her short history of ten years is the naval revolt which lasted from September, 1893, to March, 1894. We in Rio were in the very midst of the fight and witnessed almost daily attempts or pretences at bombardments and engagements. The roar of cannon and rifle were

familiar sounds every day for six months. All transportation and travel was largely impeded, and of course, our Bible work suffered somewhat. The war vessels frequently took their anchorage at a certain point in the bay to fire at a cannon planted on Castle Hill. Our Bible store and office was in the direct line of fire just behind the hill, and several times the shot tore up the roof and walls of our building; once a six inch shell bored through the wall, exploded, and the pieces made holes through the inside dividing walls. At another time a ball piercing the roof struck a bookstand and damaged a number of books; fortunately no one in the place was hurt.

III

Along the Railroad

IN THE PROVINCES OF RIO DE JANEIRO AND MINAS
GERAES—JUIZ DE FORA—OURO PRETO.

TURNING now to the great interior it is my purpose to take the reader with the faithful colporteurs over a number of the long, and at times, perilous, journeys that we have made by sea and land to accomplish the mission of the American Bible Society to the inhabitants that dwell beneath the Southern Cross.

The reader should bear in mind that the sequence of journeys is geographical rather than chronological, and in beginning the account of each journey, it will be well to consult the map.

My first journey through the Provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes as agent of the American Bible Society was begun on November 24th, 1887. The Central Railroad, known also as the line of Dom Pedro II., commenced in 1856, the first section being opened to traffic in 1857, starts from the city of Rio de Janeiro and extends first across a low and somewhat marshy land for about forty miles to the foot of the Serra do Mar.

Along the way one gets a fair view of a Brazilian forest of small trees and undergrowth, matted together with parasites, forming almost a compact mass of green, in which may be seen many orchids of various kinds. The next section, reaching up through the Serra do Mar over into the valley of the Parahyba river, a distance of some twenty-five miles, is in many respects one of remarkable interest. Its construction is a notable feat of American engineering skill and perseverance, with its steep grades, sharp curves and numerous tunnels, cut mostly through solid rock and varying in length from three hundred to seven thousand three hundred feet. Mountains, hills and valleys, flowing streams and dashing cataracts, wild forests and coffee plantations, mingle in a panorama of indescribable interest and beauty, through which the American "horse," as the great Baldwin locomotives constructed especially for this difficult and steep grade, were first called, goes snorting along, carrying the passengers at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. In a distance of twenty-one miles there is a rise of about 1,335 feet, while from the summit to the city of Barra do Pirahy on the banks of the Parahyba river, a distance of more than ten miles, there is a fall of 210 feet. This city is a centre of railroad traffic, lines branching off to the city of São Paulo, a distance of 298 miles from Rio de Janeiro, to the city of Entre Rios, at the mouth of the Parahybuna river,

about fifty-five miles distant, and thence about forty miles to Porto Novo da Cunha, where it connects with the Leopoldina Railway, while another branch follows the Parahybuna river through the interior of the State of Minas Geraes.

Here I met one of our colporteurs who had been spending some days in canvassing the town and vicinity, and was convinced that this might prove to be an important point for offering the Scriptures to the thousands of persons coming from and returning to the great interior. The passenger trains going each way usually stop at this point twenty minutes for meals and to change engines, thus giving a colporteur time to offer the Scriptures to all who may be on board. At certain seasons of the year when the passenger traffic is always large we have had a colporteur devote almost all his time to offering the Scriptures to passengers at this point, and hundreds of copies have been purchased by persons scattered for many miles through the interior of the country.

We have found by experience that the offering of the Scriptures in the railroad trains is an important feature of the colportage work, and sometimes the colporteur has made good sales by boarding a passing train from our station to another and then returning by the next train in the opposite direction.

On the journey from Barra do Pirahy to Entre Rios, we sold a few copies of the Word to fellow-

passengers, and had some interesting conversations on the subject of religion.

At the town of Entre Rios, while our train was being divided into two sections for the two different branches, standing on the platform, I sold fourteen copies of the Scriptures and had an interesting conversation of a few minutes with a young man who lived some miles in the country. He urged me to visit him and to preach the Gospel in his community, assuring me that I would find there a warm welcome.

From this place also hundreds of copies of the Scriptures have been distributed during these fourteen years. The surrounding coffee districts, the macadamized stage road from Petropolis to Juiz de Fora, the bifurcation of the railroad into two valleys, all combine to indicate the importance of this town. In former times the stage ride over this macadamized road referred to was one of the finest and most interesting in Brazil. With the building of the railroad, this has largely fallen into disuse and decay, and the old stage coaches are being thrown aside and going to decay in the tropical sun and rains. They however did good service carrying the colporteur and his Bibles, and enabling him to place copies of the word of life in the hands of many. The ride of about fifty miles up the valley of the Parahybuna river from Entre Rios, 860 feet above the bed of the sea, to the city of Juiz de Fora, about 2,200 feet above the sea, is one of much interest. The

hills covered with coffee trees and forests, valleys of cultivated fields and pasture lands, the old farm houses and slave quarters, the huge grey and brown rocks jutting out here and there and rising sometimes to four or five hundred feet above the road, the waters of the Parahybuna rushing along and now and then leaping and dashing over precipices and through great gorges, all combine to divert and greatly interest the passenger as the train bears him winding around sharp curves and up steep grades through tunnels on to an elevated plateau.

At Juiz de Fora, 170 miles from Rio de Janeiro, we stopped for a few days' work and to replenish our supply of books, and found that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, (preceded, however by the colporteur of the Bible Society) had begun work.

This growing city has been one of the most important centres of our fourteen years' work, and has considerable commercial importance. The surrounding hilly country forms one of the rich and extensive coffee producing districts of Brazil, and is very favourable to the growth of corn, beans, and other products, as well as to cattle and stock raising, and there are several important manufacturing enterprises located in it. The population at present numbers about 15,000 souls. American enterprise, taking advantage of the power that for centuries has been going to waste in the cascades of the Parahybuna river a



JUIZ DE FORA.

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few miles distant, has recently put in an electric power plant, and the well furnished stores, neat and comfortable private and public buildings, electric lights, water supply, drainage, street-cars, shops, factories, etc., make it stand in striking contrast with the description given by Capt. Richard F. Burton so recently as 1867: "Juiz de Fora is a single dusty or muddy street, or rather road, across which palms are planted in pairs. The dwellings are low and poor, mostly door and window, as the phrase is." In this development much is due to the influence and efforts of a Brazilian "of rare enterprise, pluck, perseverance and determined will;" and also to that of the German Colony located there by the União e Industria Company in the year 1860; the number of colonists was 1,318.

Our colporteurs have from time to time extended the work along the railroads in three directions and have traversed the whole country round about, going on foot and on mule-back from this centre. During my first visit to the town, I secured from among the Protestant believers a man who did several years of valuable colportage work, travelling for thousands of miles with his pack-mules through the interior; and the Methodist Church located here has furnished two other colporteurs who have given a number of years to the work; and others also who have worked for less time. Many boxes of the Sacred Scriptures have been unloaded from the

trains at this place and the books scattered for miles in every direction. The Methodist missionaries following in the tracks of the colporteurs, have gathered up the fruits in a large measure, and there is now in this section of the State a large and most prosperous Presiding Elder's District, composed of seven pastoral charges with a church membership of nearly 1,000. The colporteurs would go out in all directions, sowing the seed, talking with the people and reading to them the Words of Life, then return to tell the preachers of the marvellous interest awakened and of the desire upon the part of many to know more of the Way of Life; and the missionaries at this station bear me witness that their work has developed and is still extending along the lines opened up by these pioneers of the Bible Society. Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of beginning such work in the important centres of commerce and education and extending outward to the limits of civilization. And, while marvellous results have been seen in the small towns, villages and country settlements, there has been a corresponding development in the city of Juiz de Fora.

In no part of the country have there been more rapid developments from the labours of Gospel workers than through this section of the State of Minas Geraes; and it should be recorded for the encouragement of all persons who have contributed to the cause of the American Bible So-

ciety that the colporteurs have been the pioneers and the constant companions of the preachers in the extension and development of this work, and have laid the foundation for the educational work of Granberry College and other institutions.

From Juiz de Fora the Central Railroad extends along a valley for a distance of about thirty-five miles across the plateau which gradually rises until it reaches the station of Mantiqueira about 2,810 feet above the level of the sea at the base of the Serra de Mantiqueira. It is quite noticeable that coffee planting in this region is much less extensive than it is farther down on the plateau, and almost disappears as we go up the Serra. This is due to the colder temperature and the frosts. In the region round about Mantiqueira and the next railroad station above the pasture lands are magnificent, and cattle raising is quite an industry. Since the railroad has reached this section, milk and butter are being shipped daily in increasing quantities to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of more than 200 miles. The very large increase in the consumption of milk and the national or homemade butter has been very noticeable during the last ten years, especially in the city of Rio de Janeiro.

The ascent of the Serra from Mantiqueira to Barbacena, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and a rise in altitude of about 775 feet, winds around the hillsides furnishing constantly changing views of most magnificent scenery; this rise

of 775 feet being made almost entirely in a distance of about ten miles. On our first journey over this section we sold a number of copies of the Scriptures to fellow passengers and to persons at the different stations; some of the copies sold were taken long distances to homes far away among the hills and mountains. Many looked on and seemed to think our efforts to get men to buy Bibles a very strange proceeding. One very old man living a long distance from the railroad bought a copy to take home with him, saying that he could not read much but his children could. We were much impressed with his seeming sincerity of heart and desire to know the truth of God. The priests were active among the passengers trying to induce them not to buy our Bibles, telling them that they were false and dangerous books. At another time while passing over this same section of the road in company with a colporteur, an evangelist and two missionaries, we had a most interesting and somewhat novel experience. We began talking with the passengers and offering them the Scriptures, and were awakening considerable interest throughout the train, when a priest was suddenly aroused, went to the conductor of the train and made complaint that we were annoying the passengers; several of the more devout followers of his way joined with him in the complaint. It was far from our purpose to create any disturbance among our fellow passengers, and as we

could only carry on such work on the train by permission, we had to comply with the conductor's orders and cease our selling; fortunately we had supplied nearly all who desired to buy before he interfered. I have several times been thus forbidden to sell books on the train, but in almost every case have found that some priest or religious fanatic had brought pressure to bear upon the conductor to stop me.

At this time we had a conversation with a very devout fellow passenger who was on a pilgrimage of more than 100 miles to fulfill a promise of some ten years standing to the famous image of Nosso Senhor de Congonhas. He told me this story: his little three-year-old boy had on one occasion thrust his hand into a kettle of boiling syrup and was so badly burned that they thought the little fellow would die from the effects. The father prayed to this image, of which he had a consecrated picture in his house, and made a vow that if he would cure the child, he would go on a pilgrimage to his temple and burn the child's weight in wax candles before the altar. He was a poor tiller of the soil with a large family, and said to me that he had been working hard for ten years and saving up a little money each year until he at last had enough to buy the large box of candles, pay the priest for blessing them, and pay his own and the boy's expenses of the trip. He showed me the boy's hand which was so deformed that he had never

been able to make use of it. I thought if a great miracle-working image couldn't do a better job of healing than that it would be just as well to let nature have her course. The man's fidelity in paying his vow was certainly worthy of commendation. I thought if he could but be brought to the knowledge of the Truth in Christ, what a noble Christian he might become; so I sought to point him to the great miracle-working, healing, loving Jesus. He bought a New Testament and promised me that on his return to his home, he would read and study it. When the gleaners in the mission field reach the community in which he lives, doubtless there will be some good news to report, for the soil seemed ready for the seed.

Just before we reached the station of Sitio, from which starts the Western Minas Railroad, we sold a Bible to a man who lived several miles beyond the terminus of that line. A few years later, while spending a night at the town of Lafayette further along the Central Railroad, I met the same man who had become a devout believer from the reading of that Bible. He was greatly rejoiced to know that the missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Board were beginning permanent work in that section. They now have a prosperous school and church work in the town of Lavras, and from this centre the work is extending in all directions through the country. A mission station has been opened also at the famous old town of São João del Rei, and the in-

fluence of the work is being felt throughout that section. This has been long considered one of the most fanatical and difficult places in Brazil for doing evangelistic work. The colporteurs and workers have had some lively encounters with the priests, and have made narrow escapes from the hands of enraged fanatics. But darkness and superstition are giving way with the entrance of light and truth. On one occasion one of our colporteurs argued with a priest for about two hours in the presence of a large number of men; and it has been said that the truth of Scripture set forth by the colporteur before so many attentive listeners did a great deal to awaken interest and start investigation.

Returning to the line of the Central Railroad the town of Barbacena, 230 miles from Rio de Janeiro, located on an elevation of about 3,600 feet above the sea furnishes an excellent illustration of the observation of Burton that "in Brazil, cities founded by ecclesiastics occupy the best situations, hills and rises, commanding fine views: the laity preferred bottom lands, near gold and water." The extensive views are enchanting as one looks from the heights down over hills and valleys in the distance; and the pure, cool atmosphere is most exhilarating. We are not surprised that this place has become a great resort for convalescents and invalids, and a centre of boarding schools. Humboldt said that taking Barbacena as a centre and radiating for a hun-

dred miles in every direction there was to be found the most salubrious and most perfect climate in the world. We have sold here a number of Bibles at different times and the Methodists are carrying forward regular work. Not long since at the request of the missionary in charge I sent to the jailer at this place a box of Scriptures, most of which were distributed among the prisoners and soldiers, several of whom have been converted.

From Barbacena we pursued our way to Miguel Burnier from which point a branch line was under construction to Ouro Preto, the Capital of the State of Minas. Adventurers and speculators were already following up this new enterprise, and as we entered the hotel that stood near the station we were at once asked what was our business. The surprised and perplexed expression on the faces of the curious crowd surrounding us when we told them that we were distributing the Word of God was most marked. They seemed never to have heard of such business as that, and as they learned more of the nature of our mission they expressed much doubt as to the wisdom of undertaking such work in that section. During the evening and early the next morning we sold several copies of the Scriptures. A number of persons would not buy because they thought the reading of our books would be contrary to the religion of a famous image whose temple is located at the

town of Congonhas, about ten or twelve miles from Miguel Burnier, and which has a wonderful influence over the masses of the people. In the early history of Brazil the ecclesiastics found no better way to build a town than by setting up a Growing Stone, a Healing Cross or a Miracle-Working Image. These images are often called "Apparecido" or "Apparecida," from their "appearing" in some cave, or wild forest, stream, or on the seacoast. It is supposed that "The Lord of Matosinhos" appeared near this place of small shrubs, from which event the brotherhood of Bom Jesus of Matosinhos had its origin. The main temple or church, the seven chapels, oratorios, wooden figures seated around a table representing the Last Supper, the image of Judas and the great knife with which the pilgrims give him a dig as they pass by, the Agony in the Garden, the rough wayside cross of hardwood bearing a rude figure, dedicated to Our Lord of Matosinhos with an inscription showing that it began to work miracles about the year 1700; the gigantic figures of the Prophets, the carved work in wood and stone, the paintings of various kinds, the instruments of the Passion, the miracle-room with the large number of wax figures and hundreds of memorial tablets, representing the miracles performed by the image; the side chapels of St. Francis de Assisi, St. Francisco de Paula and others, the two pulpits, the two boxes and two open confessionals, the

representation of the Trinity and the Burial of Christ, the altar tomb, covered with a board, which when removed shows a full-sized effigy of Our Lord of Matosinhos, with angels kneeling around and praying, which is the grand object of the pilgrimage and where the pilgrims prostrate themselves and kiss the hand of the image with great devotion; on another side the cradle of Bethlehem, above the fine silver chandeliers:—these are some of the many curious things, in crude shape representing a strange mixture of truth and falsehood. The surprising fact is that not only the poor and ignorant but many of the more enlightened and wealthy Brazilians still make pilgrimages, perform vows, devote offerings and render worship to this image. It would be difficult perhaps to say just what proportion of the pilgrims are really devout and sincere in their performances, and how many go simply for a frolic and pleasure. There can be no doubt that with many in Brazil, these things have long since become largely a social custom, and this class of persons enter into the ceremonies with little or no religious sentiment, but there are many others who are devout and sincere in their faith and performances.

Shortly after our arrival at the station of Miguel Burnier, I obtained permission from the proprietor of the little hotel to preach at night in the dining room. Much curiosity was expressed by a number of hearers that crowded into the

little room and stood around the low windows and outside the door, but they listened with much attention. It was with great difficulty that I conducted service in the Portuguese language, and I was not a little confused by one man who spoke out in a very loud voice and disputed the statement when I referred to Christ's having been tempted by the devil. This was the first time so far as we could learn that any Protestant had ever attempted to preach in the place.

The next morning the colporteur and I obtained permission to travel on the construction train, and we started over the mountains to make our way to Ouro Preto, thirty miles distant. The train took us twenty-four miles and we had to make the remainder of the distance on foot, through mud and rain carrying on our backs our baggage, with our Bibles and Testaments. The books, being of considerable size, were about as much as two men could carry under the circumstances over such a road and we were forced to call a boy to our assistance. We managed to keep the books dry for the most part, but reached the hotel in the city of Ouro Preto muddy, wet, and tired, a sight to behold. We were not surprised that our appearance attracted much attention as we walked through the streets to find a hotel. The ride over the mountains on the flat car furnished a good opportunity for appreciating the magnificent views to be seen in almost every direction. From the heights over

which we passed, the valleys below, the extensive plains, hills and distant mountain ranges, with the clouds hanging like lace curtains from the windows of heaven and touching their summits, combined in scenes too vast and grand for painter's brush or poet's pen; they must be seen in their reality to be fully appreciated. The only inconvenience we suffered on the occasion was from the jolting of the rough car over the newly constructed road as we sat on coils of lead piping instead of cushioned seats and fought the sparks and cinders that showered upon us from our puffing engine. Umbrellas were of advantage only for a while until they were so badly burned as to no longer protect us from the falling coals; it seemed for a time to be literally raining fire. As the road descends amongst the hills of Ouro Preto the great rocks jutting out and dipping in all directions give signs of tremendous volcanic action. We reached the city late in the afternoon, and with great difficulty found lodging in a small hotel, as the town was crowded in honour of two important events: the freeing of about 200 slaves with some Emancipation Fund that had been raised throughout the Province; the jubilee of a Catholic priest of the city.

We remained in the city for two days talking with the people on the streets, in the shops and stores, and in a short time sold the fifty-two Bibles and Testaments which we had been able to carry on our backs from the end of the railroad.

A few days after we left I had a letter from a man, who become much interested in the Gospel, informing me that the priests had instigated the city authorities to arrest and imprison us for selling false and dangerous books; the officer duly authorized to make the arrest arrived at the hotel about an hour after our departure. So far as we could learn this was the first attempt made in the city to circulate among the people the written Word of God. A few of the copies sold were to men who lived at long distances, in the country and who had come in to attend the festivities. I was much interested in one very old man who stood at the door and listened attentively to what I was saying to a number who were gathered around me in a little store; he said if he could read he would certainly buy one of the books. I asked him if he had a family and if any of them could read. He replied that some of his children could read, and so at this suggestion he bought a Bible; a few hours later I saw him leaving the town with his Bible under his arm, seemingly in haste to get home where he could hear more of its wonderful and new truths. The scene in that humble country home among the distant hills that night when for the first time the members of that household were reading and hearing the wonderful words of life, must have been one which angels would delight to witness. One of the New Testaments was sold to a carpenter who had a small

shop in a dirty little street at one side of the town. The book was laid away, I believe in a tool box, and soon became covered with dust and trash. Later, when things were being overhauled about the place, this book was discovered and was about to be thrown away as a useless thing, when a young man, who had been working in the shop for some months, asked that it be given to him. He began reading it diligently, was converted, called of God to the ministry, and is now an active and efficient preacher of the Gospel. If no other results had come of the efforts of that occasion, the conversion of this young cabinet workman was worth far more than all it cost in money, time labour and discomfort to reach the city and dispose of the copies of the Scriptures which we had been able to carry on our backs through the mud and rain. Since this beginning of Gospel work, the city of Ouro Preto has been the scene of considerable activity in preaching and scattering the truth; a number of people have been led to Christ and the influence of the work has extended in all the region round about. As the city was until recently the capital of the State of Minas Geraes, it had more or less importance as a centre for evangelistic and Bible work. Since the railroad reached this point, we have shipped considerable quantities of Scriptures there to be picked up by the pack mules and carried sometimes several hundred miles through the interior.

The mining interests, from which the Province, Minas Geraes (General Mines) takes its name, gave rise to the founding of the city of Ouro Preto (Black Gold). Its location among the hills is one of singular interest, a number of peaks towering above the place, the highest being nearly 5,900 feet above the level of the sea, or about 2,500 feet above the city. "Now it has the sun of Italy, then the fogs of England." The roughly paved streets ascending and descending the hills are narrow, crooked and irregular; carts and carriages are of little or no use, the freight being carried largely on packmules. I saw these little animals winding up and down the streets, some loaded with great building timbers twelve or fifteen feet long, others with stones, lime, etc.; water was delivered from two barrels which balanced each other on the pack-saddle. A little mule came up in front of our hotel with two flour barrels swung across his back; a small door or window had been cut in the end of each barrel from which a boy supplied us with bread. Since the completion of the railroad to this point, enterprise has changed and improved some of the streets and now carts are more used.

It was in this city in the year 1788 that a plot, led by Joaquim José da Silva Xavier, a dentist, was formed for establishing a Republic in the Province of Minas and surrounding captaincies. The spirit of liberty and independence

so prominent at that time in the United States and France was wafted to this provincial capital amongst the hills of the interior of Brazil, a young Brazilian who met Jefferson in France being one of the principal channels of communication. The leaders of this patriotic movement numbered twenty-five or thirty, and there were no less than a thousand suspected as being in sympathy with the conspiracy. One of the conspirators, who owed the Treasury a considerable sum, revealed to the Governor the plan in hope of obtaining a remission of his debt with a pension and decorations. Public indignation afterwards drove him to the Amazon valley where he was left to starve. These leaders were captured and sentenced, some to be hanged, decapitated and quartered, with exposure of heads; others to be hanged on a gallows taller than usual; their property was confiscated and their children and grandchildren declared infamous; others were exiled for life, a few were temporarily banished and two were flogged. The Province of Minas may well be proud of this popular movement as there can be no doubt that it led finally to the Independence of Brazil on the 7th of September, 1822, and found its fullest realization in the establishment of the Republic for the whole of Brazil on the 15th of November, 1889, just a century from its beginning. The Government has decreed the 21st of April a public holiday in honour of "Tiradentes," the leader in that first

movement for liberty and independence in Brazil.

In April, 1891, two missionaries from Juiz de Fora station and an evangelist accompanied me on a trip to this quaint old historic city among the hills for the purpose of making the first attempt to publicly preach the Gospel there. The mayor being a liberal-minded man and desirous that the Republic, not yet two years old, should make a good impression, readily granted us the use of the town hall. The evangelist, an Englishman, eloquent in the use of the Portuguese language, was greeted on two successive occasions by large audiences of men filling to overflowing the town hall. On the first occasion there was some disturbance outside led by two priests; on the second occasion a priest in the audience arose and contested some of the preacher's statements. The preacher replied, proving his point with Scripture, and was sustained by a majority of the auditors.

In the latter part of the year 1892, we made an effort for the second time to extend our Bible work along the railroad from Miguel Burnier and throughout the upper valley of the Rio das Velhas (River of the Old Women). A local tradition says the river took its name from three old Indian squaws found squatting upon its banks by the first explorer through that region, who struck the stream in 1701 at what is now the town of Sabará. My wife accompanied me

on this trip, and at Barbacena we met a colporteur whom I had sent to visit several Italian colonies in that section. We had good sales of the Scriptures in the city and I preached once to a large audience of attentive hearers. We had with us a small organ, made especially for such evangelistic work, which my wife played and the music attracted many who remained to hear the word. At the little hotel one morning she was playing hymns, and all the people about the hotel and some from the streets came in to hear. I took occasion now and then to read a passage from the Scriptures and talk to them. One gentleman, who had come a long distance to visit his son who was in school, said he had desired for some time to hear the Gospel. He brought his son and four others from the school to hear something of the Word. He gave his son a Testament and told the others to buy. Those boys returned to the school carrying two Bibles and a Testament.

From Barbacena we went to Sabará, where we made good sales of Scriptures and from which we went out to visit several neighbouring towns, villages and settlements. One trip which was especially interesting was to Santa Luzia, a town about sixteen miles away. The journey had to be made on mule-back. Early one morning the native preacher, our colporteur, wife and I, all well mounted on our little mules, and with the little organ, books, etc., on the pack-mules,

started on the trip. The road was very rough, and lay through a very hilly, mountainous region. We first ascended a very steep, rocky hill; from the heights we had charming views of the winding valleys, dotted now and then with distant villages. We soon descended to climb another rugged hill, and so on for the entire distance. About midway we stopped beside a clear stream to eat our lunch and rest our animals. When we reached the town we found very poor accommodations at the little hotel, but the proprietor was very attentive and kind. Much excitement was awakened by our coming. Many seemed really afraid of us, and would close their doors and windows as we passed along the streets. We secured the use of a small room at the hotel for services. The music and singing attracted quite a crowd, and gave me an opportunity of preaching to them Jesus. We called at the stores and shops and sold a number of copies of the Scriptures. We had opportunity of visiting only two or three families. Some received us kindly, and showed much interest in learning the truth. The priest was much opposed to us. We saw torn up in the streets a Gospel and a New Testament the result of his opposition. He told the people our books were false and full of lies. Some threw stones, and cried: "Away with these Protestants." We left with them words of instruction such as we were able to give, our prayers, the memory of the music;

and, best of all, many copies of the Holy Scriptures.

Another trip was to Bello Horizonte, a small town of a few hundred inhabitants. We rode up to the only establishment in the way of a hotel there was in the small town. Very soon we were informed that we could not be admitted, as we were Protestants. No kind of persuasion could change the verdict, so we were left without shelter or a place to get a dinner. The native preacher knew the son of an Englishman who had a small store in the town. Though a Romanist he showed himself friendly, invited us to rest in his house, and at the proper hour had for us a good dinner. Much excitement was awakened throughout the town by our presence. The priest had told them that we must not be allowed to stop in the place. After a prayer to God to open the way for success, to give his Word entrance, we started through the streets with our hands full of books. Very soon we found some who were inclined to buy; we went on from house to house, talking and offering the Scriptures. Much to our surprise, in a few hours our supply was nearly exhausted. When we returned to the house of our host several gentlemen came to talk with us. We talked with them for quite awhile and sung a hymn or two. Music never fails to please the Brazilian ear. Just a little before sunset we mounted our mules to return to Sabará. Our friend offered

to do his best to lodge us for the night, but we saw he could not care for us without great discomfort to his family, and as we could not secure a place for preaching, and needed a fresh supply of books, we decided to return.

Since our first visit to this fanatical little village, it has, by order of the Government been chosen as the site of the new Capital of the State. Skillful engineers and workmen in a very short time have converted it into a well laid out city of wide streets and broad avenues, with a beautiful park adorned with a lake filled from a fountain whose clear waters shoot up about twenty feet. Besides stores, shops, hotels, residences and many other new and modern buildings, a magnificent palace for the Governor of the State and commodious buildings for the different State Departments have been erected, and a very extensive Legislative Department building is now in course of construction. The city is brilliantly illuminated with electricity, and has railroad connection with the central line. The present population is estimated to be about 14,000. The location is well chosen and the climate most excellent for the development of a healthy and prosperous city.

IV

Among the Colonists

SUBURBS OF RIO DE JANEIRO—NOVA FRIBURGO—
FREEDOM OF WORSHIP—IMPARTIAL OFFICIALS.

THE territory embraced in our second journey lies north of the city of Rio de Janeiro and includes that section of the Provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes traversed by the Leopoldina Railway, which now has an extension of 1,280 miles, in operation. The contract for the Mauá Railway, the first constructed in Brazil, was given April 27, 1852, and the first section from Mauá to Raiz de Serra, a distance of about ten miles, was opened to traffic in December, 1854. The beauty and interest of the ride from the city of Rio de Janeiro across the water, a distance of fourteen miles to Mauá may be readily imagined from the description already given of this wonderful Bay. The change from the heat and the dust of the dirty narrow, crowded streets of the city as the Petropolis "barca" or steamer pulls out from the wharf and glides smoothly over the calm waters, passes the scores of ships at anchor, and on into the stiff sea-breeze blowing

fresh from the ocean, is most refreshing and exhilarating. As we go sailing among the islands, leaving behind the great city surrounded by mountains, "distance lends enchantment to the view." The railroad runs along a flat section of sandy soil, among low hills, then across a marshy land of miasma and mosquitoes to the foot of the Serra; here the train is broken up into small sections, each with a separate engine to push it up the mountain by means of a cog-wheel working on the central rail. The road winds around the hillsides, climbs up the heights, crosses bridges over dashing cataracts and gurgling streams from one side of the gorge to another, and finally reaches its highest point above the level of the sea, having ascended 2,595 feet in a distance of 3 3-5 miles. There is a slight descent from this point to the city of Petropolis amongst the hills. The ascent through the mountain gorge, the wild forest and huge cliffs, ravines, dashing streams, spreading lowlands traversed by the railroad, the extensive bay, dotted with scores of islands, the city on the other side of the water, encircled by the Tijuca and Corcovado range of hills and mountains, present a noble panorama perhaps unequalled by any in the world.

The city of Petropolis, "the summer paradise" for the inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, dates from about 1844. Formerly it was the summer home of the Emperor Don Pedro II.; his palace, "a

far gayer and more cheerful looking edifice" than the one in Rio de Janeiro, stands in a central position surrounded by extensive grounds. The Foreign Diplomatic corps still reside here for the most part throughout the entire year. It is a city without a rival in Brazil. Through the midst of the town run the pure waters of the Piabauba river and its small tributaries; the high banks, "encased in lively green grass, and crossed by black and scarlet bridges, shaded by feathery Brazilian cedars" and other trees. There are many magnificent residences with beautifully kept grounds, a few well furnished stores; and since the removal of the State Capital to this place a number of public buildings have been erected and there are churches, school buildings, etc. The city is well lighted with electricity, and there are several manufacturing establishments which make use of the power from the numerous waterfalls. These skillful improvements, agricultural and industrial, are due almost entirely to the enterprise and energy of the German and Swiss colonists. The colony was founded by the provincial government in 1846, and in a few years numbered 8,200. Some of the early settlers grew wealthy and moving farther out, became coffee planters on an extensive scale. The general aspect of the whole region round about bears the impress of these colonists; and Petropolis itself is more European in appearance than Brazilian. The flower gardens

are gorgeous, and there are numerous walks and drives among the hills along the winding valleys, "here with the virgin forest seen in profile from a partial clearing, there deep with gathered shade, twined and corded, throttled and festooned with all its lianas, tufted with wonderful epidendra and air-plants, bearded with gigantic mosses of grotesque shape, and rich in every vegetable form from the orchid to the cardamon, from the simple bamboo and palm to the complicated mimosa, from the delicate little leaves of the myrtle to the monstrous aroids and the quaint, stiff candelabra tree."

Our first efforts to circulate the Scriptures in this section met with little encouragement. The great majority of persons residing there were of the wealthier and higher classes, who generally seemed so fully satisfied with the things of this world that they cared little to hear of the invisible and eternal. A few Protestant Germans and others bought Bibles. But things have wonderfully changed about Petropolis during these twelve years. The city has been made the Capital of the State, and with this removal the population has considerably increased; the Government officials and employees together with others have become residents, and as might be expected, citizens from all parts of the State come to the Capital on business. As a result it has become a much more important centre for Bible distribution than formerly. Our colporteurs have from

time to time made a thorough canvass of the city, which has a population of about 15,000, and have extended the work far out into the country in every direction. Formerly the Presbyterian missionaries carried on work with more or less regularity in the city, but more recently, when the Methodists decided to establish there a boarding school for girls, the work was all turned over to them. In this step the Presbyterian brethren gave a beautiful example of that spirit that should characterize missionary operations in all fields. The Methodists have secured both school and church property in the city and the work has developed encouragingly. The missionary in charge of the church has followed up the work of the colporteurs along several lines and the influence is spreading in all the region round about. One of our colporteurs spent several weeks in making a thorough canvass of the community just after the Methodist Conference had held its annual session in the city in the year 1899. The growing work and the presence of this body of workers seemed to have made quite an impression in the place even upon the minds of some of the more worldly and fashionable people. The colporteur was more successful than any one had been on former occasions, and sold many copies of the Scriptures to all classes, even in the homes of the wealthy.

From Petropolis the work has extended across the country to the small town of Theresopolis,

located among the mountains, which has a climate thought by many to be superior to that of Petropolis. The seed of the Gospel has been sown and the fruits are being gathered already before the completion of the railroad constructed from Rio Bay to that desirable section of country.

We may now return to the city of Rio and take another ride of four miles across the Bay, landing at Santa Anna, where the Leopoldina railroad system proper starts. The sandy and marshy lowlands over which the road runs to Cachoeira at the foot of the Serra, and the section traversed by the branch to Macahé and Campos, resemble very closely the country and scenes along the Central and Petropolis roads.

In the early part of the period of which we write one of our most faithful colporteurs, André Cayret, spent much of his time in Campos and the region round about, and sold large numbers of Scriptures in that city, and the neighbouring towns, villages and country settlements. He was a Frenchman by birth, trained in the Catholic religion and forbidden by priest and parents to read the Bible. In his boyhood, just before leaving France, he saw an open Bible in a show window from which he read some verses. He was so much impressed that he afterwards obtained and read a New Testament but it was only after he came to Brazil that he was led into the fuller light and could claim Christ as his personal Saviour. He was one of the most devout and

earnest workers I have ever known. He began work for the American Bible Society about 1879, and was the most successful salesman of the year. Some of the points he visited had not been heretofore explored. He met with all kinds of treatment and with very fair success in the towns in which he laboured; travelled to a considerable extent on the railways in the Province of Rio de Janeiro, thus coming in contact with a large number of people, and putting the Gospel into the hands of many who take it to places where neither missionaries nor colporteurs have yet been. He received some very ugly treatment and was threatened with imprisonment and all sorts of punishment. On one occasion he came into the depository and filled a coffee sack, in which he was fond of carrying his books, with Scriptures to go out into this section of country along the Leopoldina railway from Niteheroy. Before he left we went into a side room and knelt before God in prayer. Not many days after he returned with his sack about as full as when he left. I said: "Well, Sr. André, not much success this time?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I did a good work, thank God." "But your sack seems still to be full." "Yes, but this time it is full of images, saints and idols. I carried the Word of God into the homes of the people, they read, were enlightened, and gave up all these idols." He had a large quantity of them, some of them of considerable value, being made of silver.



NOVA FRIBURGO.

U. S. N. A.

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While on a trip in one of the Southern Provinces in 1892 he was taken sick, and, worn with age, exposure and toil, he lingered only a few days and then peacefully passed away to his reward. He died far away from home, leaving a faithful, good wife, an adopted daughter and a large number of friends to mourn his departure; but he was not entirely among strangers: The Presbyterian missionaries and friends in the city of Curitiba kindly administered to him during his illness, and then laid the body of God's servant to rest, awaiting the resurrection. He was God's instrument for placing in the hands of thousands copies of his written Word, and he pointed many to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The city of Campos, located near the mouth of the Parahyba river, has a population at present of about 20,000 inhabitants. The active work of the Presbyterian mission in this city runs through a period of a number of years. More recently the Baptists have established themselves here and from this central point they have followed up the work of the colporteurs, extending their efforts in many directions along the river, railways, and country highways. The workers here have cooperated actively with us also in circulating the Scriptures.

We may now continue along the main line of the Leopoldina railway from Cachoeira at the foot of the Serra do Mar to Nova Friburgo, a

distance of about sixty miles from the city of Rio and at an elevation of 2,722 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery along this ascent is somewhat of a repetition of that described on the ascent to Petropolis, though the view of the Bay and its surroundings is a more distant one. The highest elevation reached on the way is about 3,475 feet above the sea-level in the Serra do Mar. Here we find was located the third foreign colony, properly speaking, in this country after the arrival of the Prince Regent of Portugal at Rio de Janeiro, March 7, 1808, and perhaps the first after the decree of December 1815, elevating Brazil to the dignity of a kingdom. It was authorized May 6, 1818, by decree of Dom João VI., who had been crowned February 5, of that year. The colonists were Swiss and Germans, and in a few years numbered about 3,000, the first having arrived in the year 1820. The decree explicitly promised to each of the first hundred families, lands, horses, cattle, seed and provisions, or its equivalent in money, for the first two years, and in addition a stipulated sum for daily wages during the same period. A Brazilian writer in 1875 states that when the first colonists arrived they found nothing prepared for them and were compelled to live for a time crowded together under temporary sheds where they suffered great deprivations. During my first visit to this section in the month of March 1888, as I was on

my way to attend Sunday morning service at the Protestant church in the village of São José, I overtook a feeble old man who, supported by his cane, was making his way slowly to the house of God. In conversation I learned that he was, so far as any one in the community knew, the only surviving member of the first colonists. In consequence of neglect by the Government, large numbers of them abandoned the colony and sought employment and homes in the agricultural centres of the Provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes, while others obtained a living by returning to Rio and enlisting in the regular army. However, in the year 1832 and later, others came from Europe and settled round about Nova Friburgo, and to these colonists is due in a large measure the agricultural developments and improvements of that section. The city of Nova Friburgo, with a population of only a few thousand inhabitants is located in a narrow valley between high hills at an elevation of 2,700 feet above the sea level; and since the railway has facilitated access from Rio de Janeiro, it has become quite a popular resort for the summer. The German Lutheran church has sustained a regular pastor in this place since the early beginning of the colony; and this pastor, following a large number of the colonists who moved further down the valley to find a more fertile soil and larger tracts of tillable land, established a second church which has been kept up for many years. In the

course of time the younger generations began to complain that they did not understand the German language sufficiently to appreciate the services, and so the pastor decided to change, and now for some fifteen years or more he has been preaching almost entirely in the Portuguese language. While our efforts to circulate the Scriptures were confined to the Protestant element we met with no special difficulties, but just as soon as it was known to the priests and to the more fanatical devotees of the Roman Church that we were offering the Scriptures to the Brazilians, then opposition began to manifest itself. My companions in the work on the first journey through this section were a Presbyterian missionary and the colporteur already referred to. We sold considerable numbers of Scriptures along the railway, in the towns of Nova Friburgo, Cantagallo and other smaller places. In the village of São José where is located the second German church above referred to, we visited the Catholic priest, who received and entertained us very kindly. He seemed to have accumulated quite a sufficiency of this world's goods and was living in ease; he showed no opposition to our work and manifested little concern for the spiritual welfare of the people. In the town of Cantagallo the city authorities gave us permission to sell books without a license, and the missionary secured the use of the theatre for preaching: a large number of persons came to hear. One small boy, into whose

hands one of the invitations, marked "entrance free" had fallen, said to me, "Who pays for the play? I see the entrance is free." He had never before heard of a free performance in a theatre, nor had he heard of any thing free in the name of religion, since the priests always charged high fees for every performance such as mass, baptisms, marriages, funerals, etc.

As I was passing along the streets one day offering the Scriptures at every house, I saw through a window a woman seated at a table with a few children around her; she seemed to be reading and teaching to them the Bible. I offered her a book and was rejoiced to hear the reply "I have a Bible, thank you." She herself was a Protestant and employed as a teacher in the family. Some of those children have since grown into beautiful, active Christians, and that teacher has become a worker in connection with one of the missionary societies operating in this country.

We have during this period of years made a number of trips through that section and have each time sold a larger number of copies of the Word. The missionary who was with us on the first visit, has since located at Nova Friburgo, and is carrying on a very encouraging work. The work has provoked much opposition upon the part of the priests and has given rise to some lively discussions in the papers. A number of most striking instances of the power of the

Written Word to convince and lead men to Christ have been recorded from that section, and the influence is deepening and spreading in all directions; calls are constantly coming from beyond for the preachers to extend their labours further and further that others may hear the good news of salvation. From among the converts several young men are now studying for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church, and other valuable lay workers have been developed. They all delight to bear testimony to the value of the pioneer work done among them by the American Bible Society.

We left the city of Nova Friburgo by train and went slowly winding around and climbing over the hills. I had a long conversation with our conductor. He admitted that the Bible was a good book but said the people do not need it, they know what is right and what is wrong; it is only necessary for men to believe in the true God, deal honestly and justly with his fellowmen and be hospitable. He laid great stress on the virtue of hospitality; and said when a man knows these things he doesn't need to know more. This man, seemingly a moralist, very kind and hospitable, is a striking representative of a very large class in this country. They tell us they never kill anybody, never steal anything and never lie, deal honestly, recognize that there is a God, and are always hospitable and charitable; consequently they think they are at peace with their Creator,

and that all will be well with them in this life and in the life to come. It seems almost impossible to make them realize that they are sinners. We next stopped at the small town of Sumidouro; and, following what I have thought to be a wise plan, I first called on the priest and offered him a Bible. He had but little to say, and seemed quite satisfied with his surroundings and the condition of the people. He said the only difference between our Bible and his was that his had notes and explanations while ours had none. As we canvassed the town I met a soldier of the great Italian General, Garibaldi, who had heard the Gospel in Italy. He had wandered off to Brazil and settled in this town among the hills. He gave us a warm welcome into his humble home and there we had very delightful conversation about things pertaining to the Christian warfare and the Captain of our Salvation. In the afternoon I went along a country road leading from the village and by the roadside I sold a Bible to an old grayhaired man. When I was returning to the town about sundown I saw him sitting outside his cabin door with his family and two or three neighbours all gathered around listening as he read aloud the wonderful Words of Life. I did not dare to disturb them, but prayed that the Spirit might help them to understand the truth. At night I preached to a number of attentive listeners in a room hired for the purpose. Among the auditors were the members of this household

and at the close of the sermon, I had an interesting conversation with the old gentleman and others. A negro boy came up and asked what I charged for confessing a person. I asked him what he wanted to confess. He said that about fifteen days before he had confessed to the priest all the bad things he had done; but since then he had done a number of evil things, and if it would not cost him too much money he would like to confess them all to me that I might obtain pardon for him. I tried to point him to Christ, but he seemed so ignorant and so fixed in his idea of confessing only to a priest, and thus with money buy absolution, that he could not grasp the truth. We left in that town more than a score of Bibles, talked with many persons of Jesus and his salvation, preached to them the Gospel and prayed for them. As we journeyed by train the following day we sold more than twenty copies of the Scriptures, and had several interesting conversations with fellow-passengers.

We passed along the railroad into the State of Minas Geraes again and were once more in the valley of the Parahyba, this time at Porto Novo on the dividing line between the two States, and where a branch of the Central Railroad ends and one of the Leopoldina begins. This State of Minas Geraes which we enter a second time is one of the most important of the Republic. It has an area of 3,184,099 square kilometers and a population of about 3,200,000, or nearly one-

fifth of the population of the entire country. We shall have occasion to enter this extensive territory on several other journeys from different points, and the reader will bear in mind that it may, very properly speaking, be divided into four sections; the first is the extensive plateau below the Serra de Mantiqueira, of which the city of Juuiz de Fora, mentioned in the first journey, is the chief commercial, agricultural and industrial centre; the second is the highland and mountainous mining region above the Serra, with Ouro Preto, as the principal centre; the third is the great Sertão, or inland region of elevated plains and hills extending to the west and south-west; and the fourth is the spreading valley of the San Francisco reaching northward. The climate of the first section, though warm and at times damp, is by no means so hot and humid as that of the lower sea-coast region; that of the second is temperate and considered one of the most healthy in the world; while that of the third and fourth is variable.

The Parahyba river which we now cross, rises in the state of São Paulo in the highland region near the coast about 3,000 feet above the sea level and flows in a northeasterly direction, west of the Serra do Mar, a distance of 635 miles and empties into the ocean. The plateau declines somewhat as it extends eastward to the Serra do Mar. The chief industry of this part of the valley and the plateau is coffee raising. The climate

is warm and the soil fertile, and here we find some of the most productive coffee farms of the State. A ride through the country on horseback or even along the railway on the train will give one a very good opportunity to observe the different phases of coffee raising. There are two periods when the trees present a most interesting aspect: the first, when they are in full blossom. In the early morning, after a refreshing shower, or while the heavy dew still lingers, as one rides along the rows of low, bushy, coffee trees all covered with small white blossoms, from the scene so enchanting to the eye, there arises an aroma that fills the whole atmosphere with its sweet perfume. A few months later, when the atmosphere is cooler and the rains have ceased for a season, the scene changes, and we find that the little flowers have turned into beautiful red berries. We may now see the men, women and children with their baskets gathering the precious fruit to be spread out for drying on the large cemented inclosures about the farm house. When we realize how interesting and profitable this coffee industry has been for years throughout these regions, we are not much surprised that the planters have confined themselves to this one crop, and greatly to their own disadvantage, have until recently, neglected almost entirely all others. Now that the production has greatly increased, not only from Brazil but from other parts of the world, and the price consequently been much



COFFEE GATHERING.

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reduced, the farmers have begun to realize the necessity of planting other things besides coffee; and they are finding that their fertile lands readily produce corn, beans, rice, potatoes and other necessary articles of food.

The Gospel work through this section was begun a few years ago by our colporteurs, who first visited the towns and villages along the railroad. In these places we encountered much opposition at times and there was often little to encourage our efforts, owing to the war waged upon us and our Bibles by the priests. However, God now and then gave us signs of good being done and evidences that the darkness was giving away. After the work had been going on for some time, I made a second trip through this region, and at the town of Santa Luzia, where we went for the first time, I had an experience quite characteristic of what frequently has happened to us. On arriving in the town with a colporteur and a good supply of books, we secured lodging in a small hotel. We called on the municipal authorities then present in the town. They were slow to give us permission to sell the Scriptures, but finally after considerable explanation they consented. We started through the town from store to store, from house to house, and frequently stopped persons in the streets, offering to every one the Word of God. Very few were at all inclined to buy. By and by I saw an opportunity to hire a hall in which to preach to

the people. A large audience filled the place and numbers gathered in the street around the door and windows. Curiosity seemed to be the motive that had brought most if not all of the hearers out that night. When I had concluded my sermon, the public school teacher of the place arose and asked permission to speak. I said only with the consent of the people. They all with united voice, said they were willing that he should speak. If any trouble should arise I wanted the responsibility to be on them. He began by saying that the Bible of these Protestants was false and that he wished to show to the audience wherein it was false. He then drew from his pocket a little book which I recognized as being a volume with a mixture of Bible stories and Roman Catholic interpolations, written by a German priest, approved by Bishops and Archbishops of Europe and Brazil and translated into Portuguese by the Bishop of Pará. He declared this to be the true Bible, since it was so fully approved by the Apostolic Roman Catholic church, and said he would proceed to read a passage and compare it with a similar passage from the false Protestant Bible. He asked for one of ours which was quickly handed to him. He chose the story of Jacob and the flocks of Laban, and read from his book the following which is a literal translation: "Jacob remained for the space of twenty years keeping the cattle of Laban. He (Laban) in various ways went

on diminishing the remuneration agreed upon; God, however, blessed Jacob more and more every time, so that he became extremely rich. He married and had many servants, sheep, camels and asses." He then opened the Bible and began looking through the New Testament for the story of Laban and Jacob. After he had been turning the pages for some five minutes or more and was becoming much confused, the colporteur, kinder of heart toward him than I, took the Bible, and opened for him at Genesis xxx and xxxi. He then began reading the story which evidently did not sound just as the priest had told him it read from the false Bible. When he came to the verse, "Thus God hath taken away the cattle of your father, and hath given them to me," he stopped and exclaimed with great surprise, "how is this?" After some effort he seemed a little more composed and proceeded to explain that his true Bible stated that Jacob's prosperity was due entirely to God's intervention and blessing, while the Protestant's false Bible taught that his success was due entirely to his own chicanery and shrewdness. The audience who had listened attentively to the reading were at a loss to see on what ground he made the distinction, and some said it must be because the priest had said so.

He made another failure, and then asked for the statutes of the American Bible Society, and said the Society was not authorized to distribute Bibles in Brazil. I then handed him a copy of

the Constitution and bylaws of the Society and a copy of a resolution of the Brazilian government which I had had printed in pamphlet form for circulation and which reads as follows: "Rio de Janeiro, May 4, 1868. Most illustrious and Most Excellent Senhor.—There was presented to His Majesty the Emperor, the complaint of Torquato Martins Cardoso against the president and the chief of police of this province, prohibiting the sale of sacred books on the ground that they were considered contrary to the doctrines of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Religion.

"And his August Majesty, having heard the judicial Council of State, with whose opinion he agreed by his imperial and immediate resolution of the 22 ultimo, was pleased to order to be communicated to your Excellency:

"1. That it is the strict duty of this presidency to respect and maintain the individual liberty, guaranteed by article 179, §§ 1, 5 and 24 of the Constitution.

"2. That the chief of police cannot proceed against the reclaimant except in the cases expressed in articles 277-278 of the Code, and then not arbitrarily but by legal procedure.

"3. That it is not lawful for an officer of the Imperial Government to utter or maintain the intention of proceeding arbitrarily in case of a deficiency in the laws of the country.

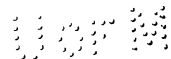
"I communicate this to you for your information and due execution.

CONSTITUTION.

24. No kind of work, culture, industry or commerce shall be prohibited to the security of the citizens so long as it does not oppose the public customs.

CODE.

ARTICLE 278.—To propagate by means of



papers printed, lithographed or engraved, that should be distributed by more than fifteen persons or by means of discourses spoken in public meetings, doctrines that directly destroy the fundamental truths of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.—Penalties of imprisonment from four months to one year and a fine corresponding to half the time.”

My adversary was greatly taken aback by such documents and the audience looked on and listened with amazement. He was compelled from the documentary evidence to admit the existence of such an institution as the American Bible Society and that it was not contrary to the Constitution and laws of the Empire that the representatives of the Society should carry on the work of selling and distributing the Bible through the country. He then said to the people that I was not an authorized minister of the Gospel nor the duly accredited representative of the Bible Society. I produced my certificate of elders' orders in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which had been translated into Portuguese and duly recognized and registered by the Imperial Government, and also the certificate of my appointment as the authorized Agent of the American Bible Society for Brazil. It seemed useless to continue the meeting longer, and so I proposed that we dismiss the audience, at which suggestion my assailant seemed greatly relieved,

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A number lingered to ask questions and some to buy copies of the Bible. When we returned to our hotel a soldier in full uniform frightened us by knocking at our door; we were much relieved and greatly rejoiced when he informed us that he wanted to buy a Bible.

The next morning we went on with our canvass of the town and sold a number of Scriptures. By and by we were accosted by an official of the Municipal Council who demanded to know by what authority we were selling books through the streets. I replied that we had the verbal permission of the highest authorities that were present in the town when we arrived there. He informed us that we were violating the laws of the township, and since we had no written authorization for our work, he was commissioned to arrest and imprison us for the offence. He then drew from his pocket the papers to this effect, all duly signed and stamped. All such documents to be of value had to have a certain amount of revenue stamps; so far as I could judge not one was lacking in this case. We had no alternative but to gracefully yield to the arrest and be led away through the streets to prison. Our enemies rejoiced, ridiculed and sneered at us as we were marched on to the jail. When I had had time to reflect a little, I called to mind another document which I found very useful in those days: it was the passport of my American citizenship. I called the official's attention to it and threatened

to appeal to the United States Minister at Rio de Janeiro if they did not release me. They seemed to recognize that I might be in the right and thought perhaps it might turn out to be a serious matter. Finally they consented to take the case before the president of the town council, who in the meantime had arrived from a journey on which he had been for several days. When we appeared before him, the official made his representation of the case, and I then made ours, showing in the first place that we were not merchants or pedlers in a business sense, but that we were messengers of the Lord Jesus Christ engaged as we believed in our King's business; and in the second place, that we had taken the precaution to explain the nature of our mission to the authorities and obtain their consent. The president, who was a fair minded man, very soon gave his verdict in our favour, and ordered our release. The official who had us in charge, plead with him to make us at least pay for the revenue stamps used on the papers for authorizing our arrest. The president answered that he had nothing to do with that, that he considered our arrest illegal and demanded our immediate release. Of course we at once had our liberty and went about our work. In this experience we began to feel what it means to suffer and to be persecuted for the sake of the Gospel. When I came to thank the president for his kindness and informed him that it was my purpose

to leave the colporteur to make a thorough canvass of the town and community, he advised me to secure a license to prevent any further disturbance. As the amount demanded was small, I acted on his advice that the colporteur might have full liberty and protection after I left him.

By this time the priest, who had instigated all this opposition, appeared on the scene and openly in the streets denounced us and our Bibles, saying that we were devils and that our Bibles were false, that they were the work of the devil and full of lies. A crowd gathered around us, at the railroad station, and as the priest stretched out his arm and with extended finger just over our Bibles, denounced them as false and dangerous books, threatening with excommunication any who might buy and read them, we sold several copies to anxious enquirers after the truth. The next day, after I had left to meet another of our workers at a central point in this section, the colporteur, who was not well, sat in the door of the hotel and sold more than sixty copies of the Scriptures to persons who came for the express purpose of buying.

The work has continued to go forward and the fruits are being gathered by the Christian workers. Just ten years from that time, I was preaching one night in a rented hall in the new Capital of the State: a stranger came in and took a seat near the door, listened attentively, and when I gave an opportunity for those

desirous of salvation to come forward, he was the first to give me his hand. After the meeting in conversation I learned that he had bought a Bible on the occasion above referred to.

A colporteur passing through this section in 1899 wrote: "I arrived here at an early hour this morning, not thinking it wise to spend Sunday in São Paulo, where the padre is much stirred up, as well he might be. The two days that I spent there God blessed my work in a very remarkable manner, and I had good reason to be astonished, considering how little I really knew of the language. I canvassed the large city of five or six thousand inhabitants from end to end, and did not encounter one individual who had enough faith and confidence to defend the Church of Rome against her condemnation by the Word of God. The people are getting awake, thank God. I surprised a few of the city fathers by telling them that they need not seek for the secret of the present unhappy decadent condition of Brazil in the price of coffee, heavy taxation, or bad government, but in the latter part of verse five of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and they one and all admit it, some very sadly.

"I feel that we are on the eve of a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, for men and women are being stirred up to perceive the real truth of things in a manner which needs some other explanation besides that of the Protestant missions in Brazil. What I have seen and what the

people tell me leaves me no doubt that the circulation of the Scriptures is a big factor in this coming revolution of ideas, and that the Word of God is being especially blessed to open the eyes of the blind, and to be a light unto these benighted people. I enclose a list of sales in eight days: 39 Bibles, 81 Testaments, and 237 Portions. Forty-two Gospels were given away, chiefly to the numerous prisoners and to the soldiers of the city prison."

At the town of Ubá I met two colporteurs, who gave interesting accounts of their trip on mule-back across the country from Juiz de Fora; they had sold a number of copies of the Word, especially in rural districts, and were greatly encouraged with the prospects of the work to be done among the tillers of the soil. We had a season of prayer together that night, asking the Lord to direct our work in the city of Ubá. The following day we had good success and arranged to have preaching in the theatre at two o'clock on Sunday and in a private house at seven o'clock Sunday night. The Sabbath morning was fair; great numbers attended mass in the Catholic Church. With us it was a time of prayer and preparation for the hour when for the first time we were to preach the Gospel publicly in that place. At the appointed hour a large number of hearers, principally men and boys, gathered to hear the sermon. I was much impressed with the very close attention and good behaviour of three

men who sat on the front seat very near me. At the close they went quietly out and entered a house adjoining the theatre. Some one then called my attention to the fact that two of them were sons of the priest of the town and the other was the sacristão (sexton and vestry keeper) of the church, who had been sent by the priest to hear what I had to say and then to report to him. Very soon the priest appeared from the house where he had been secretly waiting to hear their report, and in the public street began in a very loud and excited manner to denounce the Protestants and their Bible; he sought to incite the people to persecute and drive us out. No one seemed disposed to molest us, and I wondered that he had so little influence over them. Very soon I learned that he had a very bad name in the community; for besides being the father of several illegitimate children, he had married one of his sons to one of his daughters, and when the people complained about it, his answer was that they had different mothers. Public sentiment protested so strongly against this act that he was forced to secure for the couple a separation, there being no such thing possible as divorce.

This was the beginning of evangelistic effort in that section; the work has been followed up by frequent visits of our colporteurs who have always had good sales of Scriptures.

From Ubá we continued our journey along the valley following the line of the Leopoldina

Railway, did good work in the small town of Rio Branco, and very soon began to climb the Serra de São Geraldo. The highest point reached on this Serra by the railway is about 2,333 feet above the level of the sea. From these heights there are magnificent views of the Rio Blanco (White River) valley. Near the town of Rio Blanco two Englishmen, who had not succeeded well in their coffee planting enterprises, began a few years ago to plant sugar-cane and more recently the industry has spread extensively throughout that valley.

We were now starting on our journey for places not yet visited by colporteur or missionary. The second day one of the colporteurs, a new man, (the son of a Catholic priest) asked me to turn aside from our route to a farm where lived some relatives of his. I thought this might be an open door, or call of the Spirit, since the people had never heard the Gospel. About three o'clock P. M. we came to the house, and were cordially welcomed by the lady of the house. The gentleman came in about five o'clock, and a dinner of black beans, rice, farinha (a kind of meal made from the root of the mandioca), mush, salad, chicken, and coffee was served in primitive style. When the gentleman was asked if we might preach to them that night, he replied that he was not able to pay for it. The colporteur replied: "You don't have to pay for it." He said: "But I always have to pay the priests a big price for all

they do for me." The colporteur responded: "This is a minister of the free Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it won't cost you anything to hear." Here was the invitation: "He that hath no money," etc. The family, the servants, a few travellers, and ourselves made a congregation of thirty-five or forty. Save the two colporteurs, not one of them had ever before heard a Gospel sermon. Several seemed to comprehend in part, at least, the truth, and were more deeply interested.

Sunday morning at the mass the priest told the people there were some wolves in the town selling false Bibles and preaching lies; said they were stopping in a house of ill-fame, were unworthy the respect of decent people, and ought to be driven out of the town. He warned them against going to the services and said he would excommunicate every one who attended. He did us "much evil. The Lord reward him according to his works," and have mercy on him in his ignorance. Notwithstanding his prohibition and threats, some fifty or more persons came to hear the Gospel. I read to them the history of the Philippian jailer and his conversion, and preached to them for thirty-five minutes from the inquiry: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and the reply. The hearers gave good attention and showed much interest to know more of the way. In the afternoon a young man came and asked me to go to his cousin's house, and preach at night to forty

or fifty who were anxious to hear more of the Gospel. At seven o'clock I started to the house where the people were to assemble. The young man met me, and said the gentleman and his wife had become much disturbed by the threats of the priest to excommunicate all who attended the services, and had concluded not to allow me to preach in their house, but said they were willing for me to meet the people who had assembled. We did not have a formal service of song, prayer, etc., but I sat in my chair in the midst of about forty men and women, and for the space of an hour conversed with them, telling them of the truth as it is in the Scriptures. Greater good may have been accomplished than if the service had been a more formal one. Some asked questions, showing they were concerned to know more of the truth.

Within fifteen days we sold 383 copies of the sacred Scriptures, and I preached in four important towns, centres of much traffic and influence, where the Gospel had never before been preached, besides other smaller places. Some souls came to the knowledge of the truth and found peace, and many more were left with the Word and our prayers that God might lead them to a knowledge of salvation.

Several months after this trip I received a letter from one of our colporteurs who was returning through that section, in which he said the farmer, above referred to, and a number of

other persons were very anxious to have me return and preach to them again. Being so much occupied that I could not go, I wrote to one of the missionaries requesting him to go, but he also had too much else to do. During the next year this same colporteur made another visit to the family and found a number in the community so deeply interested that he wrote a most urgent letter asking me to go there and visit them. Again I could not find the time to do so, and again urged the missionary to go. Several months passed before he found the time to go, but finally went. He found this man and several other persons deeply interested in the Gospel. They had been reading the Bibles constantly. During the first visit seven persons asked for baptism and membership in the church. Several months later a second visit was made to that community and nineteen persons professed their faith in Jesus Christ and asked for admission into the church. A young man in this community who was studying for the priesthood, became interested in the Bible through one of our colporteurs, was converted, became a preacher, and is now a most successful teacher in one of the Protestant colleges.

There are many thrilling stories of the power and influence the reading of the Word has had and is still having throughout this region. One of the missionaries relates an interesting incident of a Bible left at the house of a farmer, the

reading of which led to the conversion of several members of the family. It was then lent to a second, then to a third, and finally to a fourth family, in all of which like results followed. A lady heard of a missionary at work in a town not far away, and came to hear him preach and invite him to the farms. He made several visits there and at last organized a church with twenty-four members. He regards this as the fruit of one Bible left in the community by one of our colporteurs.

Touring through the regions north and west of this a few years later, one of our colporteurs wrote: "At Rio San Francisco we had really a wonderful and blessed experience. After selling quite a number of books, we were preparing for a start when Senhor Carlos Mariano Pereira called on us and told us that this place had never before been visited by a colporteur or preacher. He is very much interested in the Gospel, and has been a subscriber to the "Expositor" for some years. We met several people who spoke of him, and we found he was the "little leaven" which had leavened considerable of the lump. With great pride this dear old man showed us a Figueiredo Bible from the British and Foreign Bible Society which had been in his possession sixty-five years, and I judge from its appearance and from the old gentleman's conversation that it had been well read. The title page bore the date of 1821. We preached at his house to a very attentive

audience which filled the front hall, and there were a great number outside also.

Starting early next morning we arrived late Saturday night at San Miguel, but waited till Monday before attempting any work, when we canvassed the place in about five hours. Our fame had preceded us, and everybody we met said "Livro Protestante." I called on the padre (priest), who seemed at a loss to combat my denial that the New Testament was a Protestant book, and my offer to prove its identity with that approved by the Bishop of Coimbra and Santa Fé. A man who was listening became much enraged, and vowed that we should do no preaching there. In spite of all the opposition we sold forty-eight New Testaments and Portions. About seven in the evening a mob, headed by this man, came to our ranching place with evil intent, but being forewarned we locked the door and blew out the light, while the proprietor, with his two sons and other friends, determined to resist the mob and protect us and their property. So God raised up men to be instrumental in our escape. By five A. M. we were away, thankful indeed to God that he had delivered us out of the hands of our enemies. As usual, this exhibition of lawlessness can be traced directly to the priest, who called the people together before we had gone a dozen yards from his house, and who, as we afterward learned, advised them to commit our books to the flames.

V

Overland to Bahia

ESPIRITO SANTO—OUR LADY OF THE GROTTO—THE
PRIEST'S BIBLE—THE DIAMOND DISTRICT—
BITTER OPPOSITION OVERCOME.

THE territory embraced in three journeys includes the State of Espirito Santo and parts of Minas Geraes and Bahia. The State of Espirito Santo lies on the sea-coast north of Rio de Janeiro. It is about 245 miles in length from north to south and about eighty-five in width from east to west. The land along the seacoast is for the most part low and sandy; the Rio Doce (Sweet River) divides the State into nearly two equal parts, and about its mouth along the coast and for some distance interior there are many lakes and the land is marshy. This section is covered with tropical growths peculiarly adapted to the soil, such as the Guriry Palm, a great variety of plants of the genus myrtus and of cactus. Through the interior both to the north and south of the valley of the Rio Doce the lands are much higher and become mountainous or hilly, and with this elevation the climate and vegetation change considerably; along the coast it is damp and hot, while in the highlands it becomes

dry and milder. Fevers, dysentery and other diseases common in the tropics are frequent in this section. There are a number of small rivers which rise in the mountains and flow eastward into the ocean, very few of which furnish navigation except for canoes, barges or small boats of very light draft. The Leopoldina Company has a few miles of railroad in operation in the southern portion of the State, and there is a line from Victoria, the capital, which extends about fifteen miles into the interior; both these lines are to be extended and others are projected. From this it will be seen that the transportation of our Bibles through this State must be carried on principally by means of pack-mules. Victoria, the capital, a city of about 8,000 inhabitants, is on the island from which the State takes its name. On the 23d of May, 1535, Vasco Fernandes entered what he thought to be the mouth of a river, and the day being the Sunday of the Holy Spirit, he gave it the name of River of the Holy Spirit. As the land on which he first placed foot proved afterwards to be an island, it took the same name, which was later given to the province. The early settlers built a village and gave it the name of Nossa Senhora da Victoria (Our Lady of Victory) before they had even fought a battle with the wild tribes. There is no other town in the State of more than three or four thousand inhabitants.

We first reach the city of Victoria by steamer

from Rio de Janeiro, a distance of about 265 miles. As our steamer winds along the narrow inlet the characteristic cone-shaped hills and bare rocks rise in irregular heights to the right and left. On the top of one of these great stones stands the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, or as most generally called, Nossa Senhora da Penha, founded by the Jesuits about 1565. The history of the transportation of images from European countries to Brazil and the combination of Roman Catholic traditions and inventions with the pagan worship of the Indians whom the priests have sought to Romanize rather than to Christianize, would be in a large measure the history of Brazil until within the last fifty years. The savages were awed by the ceremonies and by the mysteries which were preached to them, and one may readily imagine the condition of the people who have been for three centuries under the influence of such superstitions. Our efforts to circulate the Bible among them met with great difficulty. Only a very few out of each hundred of the population could read, and fewer still were sufficiently free from the influence and dominion of Romanism to even listen for a few minutes to what the colporteur might have to say about the Book of God. However, we have several times thoroughly canvassed the city of Victoria and extended the work in every direction throughout the province, and on the whole a considerable number of Scriptures have been put

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up and burn them; and even tried this with a poor man to whom I had given a book, because he desired to read it and had no money to pay for it." This same man in one month's time had sold seventy-two Bibles, fifty-one New Testaments, and sixty Gospels.

Some thousands of German and other colonists have settled in the province of Espirito Santo. Some of them have prospered and are still doing well; the progress of others has been retarded by want of roads, the unfavorable nature of the soil and the climate. In the year 1890 a German colporteur spent three months visiting the colonists; he had large sales and was greatly encouraged in his work, and has since made another successful canvass of those communities. Many of these colonists are Protestant, and their presence has had a somewhat enlightening and liberalizing influence among the few Brazilians. Protestant worship has been greatly neglected, but the younger generation furnish a fruitful field for missionary effort, and through them access may be had to the Brazilian element of society round about.

Two of our colporteurs in the year 1898 visited the interior of Espirito Santo, and reported encouraging sales notwithstanding the bitter opposition of the priests. The style of argument found most effective in dealing with the opposition they described as follows:

1. Which is the most important, the Word of God or the word of the padre. Generally the answer was: "The Word of God."

2. If the Bible is incorrect and false why do not your priests produce and distribute a true and correct edition? No reply.

3. Why do not your priests take the trouble to explain wherein they are false, and prove by comparison and otherwise that they are so? Silence.

But more effective still was their testimony as to what the Word of God had accomplished for them individually.

As they left the railroad behind they met many people who did not know what the Bible was. One asked if they wrote it themselves. Another wanted to know if it was a religious book, or if it was against religion. One man said he believed it was "positivisto," while in another case a sale was effected only after assurance that the book was not "republicano." There were of course, exceptions. One man in Bicudos, had a Testament, and in the same place there was a poor old school-master, who recognized the book and desired to possess one, but had not the money. When presented with a Testament he expressed such gratitude as thoroughly to convince them of his desire for light.

One interesting fact connected with the work in Victoria is that the Bible presented to the public library (open every day free), is placed

upon the reading table so as to attract the attention of all who visit the place. This same library takes two evangelical papers.

In 1891, I made a long mule-back journey northward through the centre of the State of Espirito Santo into the State of Bahia. My companions for the journey were the colporteurs Sr. Leopoldina da Costa and Sr. Antonio Marques, a young man just starting in the work; the former was a man of considerable experience. Starting from Ouro Preto we visited a gold mine at Passagem. The Englishmen in charge received us kindly and were very courteous. There were about five hundred men at work, crushing on an average of four thousand tons of stone per month, from which they extracted about one hundred and twenty pounds of gold. In all the region round about Ouro Preto and Passagem are to be seen the remains of once very extensive gold mining enterprises.

About the year 1699 an explorer through this region discovered gold in the Rio Vermelho (Red River) and the miners soon thereafter built a village, which by a royal letter from D. João V. dated April 23, 1745, was raised to the rank of a city, with the name Marianna, in honour of the Austrian princess who sat upon the throne of Portugal. As we entered this town of Marianna, every thing presented an old and dilapidated appearance, the streets being very rough and badly paved, with grass and weeds growing between

the stones. Many of the houses and some of the churches were apparently in ruins. The dullness of the place was evidence that we were in a clerical and not a commercial city. This is the seat of one of the old and famous Bishoprics of Brazil. There are now nine churches, the seminary and Bishop's residence, in this small place of a few thousand inhabitants. A considerable number of students for the priesthood (big black ants, as they are here sometimes called), strolled through the streets and hung listlessly about the shops and little stores. The storekeepers leaning with their elbows over the counters, looked vacantly into the streets or sat on stools smoking cigarettes. A number of old negro women and other beggars wandered along the streets, picking up rags and asking alms; many children were seen about the doors while others were playing with the pigs and dogs. The priests were numerous, and occasionally we saw elegantly dressed men and women of refinement and education. In this town also is a girls' school, or convent, conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paulo. A traveller who had visited and investigated a number of these girls' schools, wrote in regard to this one at Marianna. "After a course of six or eight years' study, the girl 'comes out' in a peculiar state of ignorance, and supplied with certain remarkable superstitions and ascetic ideas, such as dislike to society, aspirations to the life of a 'religious,' which in a young country like

Brazil, cannot be too strongly deprecated, and a predilection for penance and mortification which everywhere should be obsolete. Of this house it is said an orphan girl, one of the pupils, when called upon to sign her name, could not write. This latter assertion is said to have been published in an official paper, and led to investigations, the results of which astonished the Brazilian people."

As we went about the streets, offering the Word of God, we met two English families who had drifted into the town from among the miners. One woman, who longed to get back to old England, had one child in Africa, one in the United States, one in Australia, and two here in Brazil. The story of her life and her present circumstances away here in the mountainous mining region of Brazil among strangers, was a most pathetic one. We were glad to read to her comforting messages from the Word of God and pray with her.

In the afternoon of the second day, at the village of Morro Agua Quente (Hill of Hot Water), I met an old man who had had a Bible for ten years. He invited me into his humble little hut and we had a most precious time together talking of the wonderful things revealed in that book. He had heard of this wonderful book's being sold in the city of Rio de Janeiro, and when a merchant from his village was going to lay in his annual stock of goods, he asked

him to buy a Bible for him. It was marvellous to find a man, who had lived all his life in the midst of such superstition and idolatry as abounded in that section, so well instructed in the Word. He had never heard the preaching of the Gospel, but had been taught of the Spirit the truth of which he had been reading.

Just at sunset I wandered outside the village and saw a number of women who had come to fill their waterpots from one of the small streams that dash down the mountain side. I noticed that they all carried small pebbles or pieces of stone in their jars, which they would carefully take out and put in again after washing the pots. To my inquiry, one of them replied that these stones were from Our Lady of the Grotto, and were kept in the pots to purify the water. They all seemed to believe firmly that no one would ever get sick from drinking the water so long as one of these little stones was kept in the vessel. I found upon further investigation that in the mountain side near by was a natural grotto dedicated to Our Lady, and that the stalactites broken therefrom were believed to possess miraculous virtues. When one of the women was asked if she would sell one of the stones, she seemed quite horrified at the idea, but said she would exchange it for any small amount. It is considered a great sin to sell any of the miracle-working objects, saints, images, etc., but they are very freely exchanged for money; a distinction

without a difference. One great objection the priests make to our Bible work is, that if we do chance to have the Word of God, we are committing the great sin of making merchandise of it. I obtained the use of a little schoolhouse and preached that night to the man who had the Bible, his family and a number of friends.

At the next neighbouring village I called on the priest, with whom I had a long conversation. He very vigorously defended the worship of saints and the supposed miracle-working virtues of the stones and water from the grotto near by; but before we parted, he admitted that the doctrine of salvation alone by faith in Christ seemed most reasonable and likely to be true.

The town of Santa Barbara, including the outlying district, has a population of about two thousand, but the people seemed the most fearfully priest-ridden and superstitious that we had met with on the journey. In the immediate vicinity is a mountain rising some five thousand feet, but the grandeur and magnificence of the wonders of nature have been by the priest converted into great mysteries, and objects of superstitious adoration; the people have been taught to worship the creature rather than the Creator. We often quoted Ps. 121, 1, 2, and prayed that the people might learn this truth. We sold a few copies of the Scriptures in each town and village visited and occasionally one by the wayside. Judged in the light of our special work, we

would say that fanaticism, ignorance and poverty characterize the people of that section of the country. When offered the Scriptures, the most general reply was: "I don't know how to read." The next was: "This is a false Bible and a bad book, and we can't read it unless our priest tells us we may," and a few would reply: "I have no money." The last was the objection offered by the fewest persons and was most easily met, for we never fail under such circumstances, to supply all who are desirous of reading the Bible. The second objection furnished ground for conversation and argument, and many times the fanatical and superstitious were persuaded to buy and read the words of light and salvation. But what could one, whose special business it is to offer to the people the printed book, say in the face of inability to read?

After we had crossed over a hill and entered a beautiful valley, leaving the mountains out of sight, we came to a small village; the priest had already heard of our coming and had warned the people against us. He told the people that a Protestant was one who protested against the Catholic Church. Many in consequence of this would not come near or hear what we had to say, having been taught that we did not believe in God, worshipped devils, etc.

We travelled for several days through a hilly section of country, visiting villages and country settlements, leaving here and there copies of the

Word and talking with many of Jesus and his salvation. At one village a large number of women attended the preaching, a very unusual occurrence. The audience was so attentive and orderly, and seemed so delighted with the singing that I ventured to try to teach them two or three little choruses. The next morning early as we were saddling our mules for the day's journey, I heard two sweet voices from a little mud hut on a hillside above the village singing one of the choruses, the sense of which was: "I am certain that Jesus died for me." The hills round about echoed the sweet strains and the villagers listened in amazement, wondering what it all meant. For the next two or three days our journey was through a rough section of country, where many of the hills were covered with white pebbles or small stones, which in the distance looked like snow. The next place of importance visited was Conceição (Conception); the population of the town and its immediate surroundings is about 6,000, while that of the municipal district is 45,000. I found the president of the town council to be a very liberal minded man, having been a member of the constituent assembly in the formation of the Republic. The recent separation of Church and State had made a deep impression in that section, and many were ready to hear the Gospel and buy Bibles. On Saturday the weekly mails arrived from the railroad, having been brought on horse-back several days

journey. A large proportion of the men of the town were gathered around the post-office while the postmaster called in a loud voice the name on each letter and paper. While this distribution of the mail was going on, one of the colporteurs got into the crowd and began to offer the Bible and talk about the Gospel to them. Presently the priest of the town appeared and began to condemn the book as a false Bible and warned the people not to buy. The colporteur challenged him to prove the falsity of his Bibles. The crowd grew much interested and excited. Finally the postmaster requested the priest and the colporteur to retire from the small room to give way for those coming for their mail. The priest admitted that the only way to verify his accusation was to compare our Bibles with a Bible approved by the Roman Catholic Church. The colporteur then proposed that they go to his house as he had such a Bible; some forty or fifty men followed them, curious to see what would happen. They began by comparing passage by passage in the two Bibles, and much to the confusion of the priest, they were found to be the same in substance, though there were slight differences now and then in the language. During the discussion several men exclaimed: "The young man (the colporteur), knows more about the priest's Bible than he does himself." It was a great victory for our cause. The colporteur in a few minutes sold all the Bibles he had on hand and returned for

more. We were all kept busy during the remainder of the day talking with interested persons and supplying those who desired to buy. I applied to the mayor, or president of the town council, for the use of the town hall for preaching on Sunday. He gave me his card: "Costa Senna, Deputado ao Congressos Federal e Presidente da Intendencia," and wrote an order to "Place the town hall at the disposition of Mr. Tucker and the ministers of whatever worship." Many persons thought we would have been refused, since the president of the council was the son of the vicar of the town, the same with whom the young colporteur had had the discussion. Such instances are numbered by the hundreds in Brazil. This gentleman, Dr. Costa Senna, now vice-governor of the State of Minas Geraes, not only gave permission to use the town hall, but came himself and heard the preaching. At the hour marked for preaching on Sunday, the large town hall was filled with men curious to see and hear. I read them the story of Philip and the Eunuch, and, following Philip's example, preached unto them Jesus. Many of them had bought Bibles and were reading; the question I pressed upon each was; "Understandest thou what thou readest?" After the sermon about twenty men remained to talk with us and to inquire further concerning the truth of the wonderful book. As we came down from the hall, I noticed that the jail was in the basement of the

building, and that a number of prisoners were gazing at us through iron bars. We turned aside and preached to them Jesus, the Great Deliverer, and sang a few hymns. About sunset as I was walking along in front of a row of small thatched-roofed, mud huts, I saw a young man in one of them reading the Gospel of Mark; he asked if I had the Gospel of St. John. As we continued talking, a number of persons gathered in the street and I preached to them for some minutes, Christ and his love. At night a number sought us that they might hear more of the wonderful things in the Book of God. When we had finished our work on Monday, and were taking up our journey for other sections, I felt an intense desire to remain and follow up the awakening.

Two days later we visited a small village of very poor people. The village postmaster had a Bible that he had secured a year or two before in another section of the country, and he gave evidence of having read and studied the Word to good profit. The villagers looked upon him as really a wonderful man. What made him great among them was his knowledge of the book and his consistent daily life.

In the town of Serro, which has only a few thousand inhabitants, though the entire county, divided into twelve districts, has a population of about 75,000, a liberal minded lawyer offered his parlour for preaching, and at night, notwithstand-

ing the pouring rain, we had quite a respectable number to hear for the first time the Gospel. During the day I met a man who had been reading the Bible for some time. His name was Cornelius and he seemed to be a "devout man, and one that feared God with all his house." They received me gladly and I perceived that "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him," so this humble man, living in this far interior town, never having heard the voice of one of God's messengers, but with the Bible for his guide, had found the way of salvation. He was glad to buy Bibles for each of his three married children and those yet at home who could not read. In the spirit of that other Cornelius, who "called together his kinsmen and near friends" that they might hear from Peter all things that were commanded him of God, he came the next morning early and bought five Bibles to send to friends who lived outside the town. He and his wife were most grateful for the visit and for the opportunity of learning something more of the way of truth. While they were so happy in the knowledge of the Scriptures and were rejoicing in the good work being done that day, the priest of the town was busy in his efforts to destroy every copy of the Word we had sold, and was most bitter in his denunciation of us and our books. A few of the weaker ones

gave up to him their books to be destroyed, but many seemed determined to hold on to them and to read them.

From this town our journey lay through a hilly, rocky, barren section of what was once a famous and rich diamond district, about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, to the city of Diamantina. The crown of Portugal laid claim to all such wealth, and there was marked out in this district an almost circular section about fourteen leagues in diameter that was long known as the "Forbidden District of the Diamond." This city is the seat of a Roman Catholic Bishopric, and has a small Catholic seminary. It is a great commercial centre for all that interior mountainous region, and was for many years a prosperous diamond and gold market. More recently smaller industries have sprung up in the region round about as the production of diamonds and gold has decreased. One government school of some importance and several smaller schools are maintained in the city.

As we approached the town on a Friday afternoon, weary and worn with the two weeks' journey on muleback, I was much impressed with the seeming poverty and ignorance on every hand. Every effort to get lodging in the city failed but we found shelter in a ranch outside the town. I inquired of our host how it was that we were unable to obtain lodging in any of the little hotels, and could not even rent one of the small houses

that stood vacant about the place. He informed me that the bishop and priests had heard of our coming and had warned the people against us, threatening to excommunicate any one who would give us shelter. We then began to realize that our efforts to circulate the Scriptures there would be attended with great difficulties and much opposition. We had a comfortable night's rest under the shed, and early the next morning, after prayer together, the two colporteurs and I started to our work. I went first to visit the civil authorities and explain to them the object of our mission, and to obtain permission to sell our books. I was received politely by the president of the town council, who bore the illustrious name of Nelson. He belonged to the new order of things and was desirous that the New Republic, not yet two years old, should be well represented in his town for liberty and freedom, hence he gave permission to canvass the town without a license, and assured me of protection should any trouble arise. He seemed to be fully aware of the opposition and possible persecution that we might encounter. Later in the conversation, I asked if it would be possible to obtain the use of the town hall for preaching on the following day, Sunday. He was somewhat disturbed by this request and seemed to think this was asking too much. Finally I referred to the senator in the Federal Government from that district, to whom reference has above been made, and showed him the

card by which he placed the town hall in Conceição at my disposal. He was inclined to follow the example of this leader, but thought it wise to first consult the council; he promised me a reply in the afternoon. By and by I returned to the ranch to meet the colporteurs for breakfast. They came in much discouraged, said they had never met with such opposition anywhere. After breakfast we prayed together and determined on further effort. A few persons came near and looked upon us, sneering and calling us "devils." Now and then we found one with whom we could converse a little. As we went about the streets, the people called us anti-Christ, and made the sign of the cross to protect themselves from the evil spirits which they supposed were in us: many turned their backs on us, others rushed in and shut their doors as we passed along the street. When the afternoon came, the two colporteurs were so thoroughly discouraged and alarmed for fear of some violence that they begged that we gather up our animals and leave the place. I felt constrained to remain and see if God would not open some door for us. Late in the afternoon a message came from the president of the town council saying that the hall would be placed at my orders for a public conference. I received this news with mingled joy and fear. Presently about twenty young students for the priesthood, all dressed in the long black gowns, marched by sneering and making all manner of remarks about

the Protestant devils. As the night came on, a few men led by curiosity came near and inquired what we really did teach.

Sunday we arose to find the morning quite gloomy, a heavy mist and cloud having settled down over us during the night. The colporteurs, and perhaps I too, felt about as gloomy within as the atmosphere was without. In all my ministerial life I have never realized a deeper sense of responsibility mingled with human fear than on that Sunday morning as I thought of meeting the people who might come to the town hall to hear what I had to say. We had inquired the hours for mass in the Catholic Churches, which were numerous in that small place, and finally found that one o'clock P. M. would be an hour when the people were free from all engagements. The two colporteurs started early through the streets to distribute invitations. Many people refused to accept from their hands the little slips of paper on which the invitation was printed, others took them and tore them up in great disgust, while others still rolled them up in little balls and threw them in great indignation at the colporteurs. During this time I was engaged in prayer and an effort to collect well in mind my thoughts on the text, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve." The reports the men brought back were not well calculated to relieve, inspire or encourage me. I felt assured, however, that the Spirit was inclin-

ing my heart to speak from that particular text, and this assurance comforted me. The Mariolatry, the image and cross worship of the place were appalling. Hundreds literally kissed and worshipped the numerous crosses that stood on the corners of the streets and in front of the churches. The noise of church bells and the explosion of fire-rockets filled the air constantly. As the hour for preaching drew near, the sense of responsibility increased, as did also the sweet assurance of the Spirit's presence within my heart. When we reached the town hall we found about four or five hundred men and women standing as thickly jammed as they could be in the two large rooms, with a double door opening between. I had never stood before so large an audience of really curious hearers: apparently there was not one serious inquirer in all the company: many were ready for fun and ridicule, while others might even show violence. For an hour and more, aided by the Holy Spirit, I tried to talk to them out of the sacred Scriptures of real spiritual worship and service to the true and living God through faith in Jesus Christ. Curiosity soon changed into serious attention. The Spirit gave me liberty, my fears subsided, my heart warmed, and I was conscious of a power given me from on high which I had seldom or never felt in my ministry. Before I was through speaking, the change on the faces of my hearers was so marked that at times I could scarcely re-

frain from remarking on it; all were seriously thinking and some were moved to tears. At the close many inquired how it was possible for me to preach such things when their bishop and priests had said that we Protestants worshipped devils, and distributed a book full of lies. I stated publicly that these truths which I had spoken were in the Bible, the book they had despised and rejected the day before; and that I was now questioning in my own mind if we should make further effort to let them have it: however, I said, they could go to our ranch if they desired copies. In most perfect order and in great seriousness, they all retired. On the way back to our room, some boys, sent by a priest to hide around a corner, gave us quite a stoning. I tried to catch one of the boys, who in the struggle to get away, fell into a ditch about six feet deep: his screams and fears were such, as I tried to help him out, that I was forced to call in another man to rescue him. Thus ended the stoning.

Quite a number of men came asking for Bibles. It did not seem right even under these circumstances to sell Bibles on Sunday, so I asked them to come back early on Monday morning. This gave us occasion to talk for a long time and read the Word to many. Early next morning a number of persons came to buy Bibles, and during the next few days we sold many copies through the streets and in private houses. The change that had come over many of the people was wonder-

ful, but the priests and others were indignant and really desired to do violence to us. I stood at the door of a small house offering the man a Bible, and was astonished to hear his little ten year old girl, who was much excited, say to me, "Go to hell with your book." The same spirit was shown by others, and utterance was frequently given to similar sentiments. However we had a glorious work for those two days in reading and explaining the Word, talking with interested inquirers, and selling Bibles. I secured the town hall for a second preaching service at five p. m., Tuesday afternoon. About an hour before the time, the rain began to pour down and continued until after six o'clock: but notwithstanding the rain, about 150 persons assembled to hear. The audience was attentive and deeply interested. At the close a young man with whom we had talked much, and who had been partly educated in a Presbyterian school in the State of São Paulo, asked permission to say a word. The audience desired to hear him. He then and there declared publicly that he was a Protestant, and said that only Protestants were true Christians. A number agreed with him, causing a great commotion, and many of the more devout Catholics protested, saying that only Apostolic Roman Catholics were Christians. We had a most exciting time for nearly half an hour, but finally all quieted down.

These were four eventful days full of intense excitement. Only eternity will reveal the full

results of this our first effort to place the precious treasure of God's Word in the hands of the dwellers in that region of diamonds.

I was much impressed with the style of architecture of a large new church standing on an elevation. In exterior form it was a model of the beautiful stone church built by the Methodist Mission in Rio de Janeiro. Upon inquiry I learned that the architect had modelled it after the Methodist church; and to me it was a striking coincidence that this Catholic building, modelled after a Protestant church, was the first one I had seen in Brazil with an inscription over the door honouring Christ, these inscriptions generally being to the Virgin Mary or some saint.

VI

Bahia

"AWAY WITH THE HERETICS"—A DISCOMFITED
PRIEST—"THE AFRICA OF BRAZIL"—A CHAR-
ACTERISTIC CITY—HENRY MARTYN—BURN-
ING BIBLES.

WE had started out to make the journey to Bahia overland, but it now became necessary to turn aside from the most direct route and make our way over 400 miles to the seacoast in order to get a fresh supply of Scriptures. Almost the entire distance lay through a region that had never been visited by colporteur or Protestant missionary. As we descended the Serra, we travelled for a time through a section where diamond mining had once been a lucrative pursuit; but now the inhabitants were for the most part poor, and many of them ignorant and superstitious. When we had reached the lower lands and valleys nearer to the seacoast, the soil was fertile and the people far more prosperous.

After four days' travel from Diamantina, we came to the town of St. John the Baptist, located in a narrow valley near the head waters of an



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eastern tributary of the Jequitinhonha river. The town and suburbs has a population of about 6,000 souls. We reached the place early in the afternoon, and began at once a canvass of the town. In a very few minutes the whole place seemed wild with excitement, and there was every indication that the people intended doing some violence to us. A great crowd gathered in the public square, and had we been disposed to try to get away, escape would have been impossible. The two colporteurs stood firm and showed wonderful courage in the midst of so many threats. Presently the priest came out and began to speak: all quieted down for a moment. He then read a letter from the Bishop of Diamantina, in which he warned the people against us and our false Bibles, and said we ought not to be allowed to stop in the place. This added fuel to the fire, and the people began to cry, "Away with these heretics, kill them, kill them." Many armed themselves with sticks and stones and guns. One man standing in a doorway, raised his gun as though to fire the first shot. Just then one of the colporteurs asked for a word more before they proceeded to put us to death. He said we had come to them on a mission of love and mercy, to bring them the book telling of Jesus's love for them, and how he died to save men, that we had done them no harm, and moreover, if they were determined to kill us, we were ready to die for Christ who gave his life for us. He further-

more said that he wished to show them that our Bible was not false, and he challenged the priest, who ought to have a true Bible, to bring his out and compare it with ours. It appeared that the priest did not have a Bible. The colporteur then took from my saddle-bags a small Coimbra Testament, approved by the Roman Church, and offered to prove by that that our Bible was the same. The priest cried out, "that also is a work of the devil, and of the Protestants." One or two men who could read were standing near: they took the Testament and read the introduction, showing it to be approved by the bishops and Pope. Brazilians are always easily convinced by reading a thing, readily believing whatever they see in print. In an argument, if you can show one the chapter and paragraph justifying your statement, he succumbs at once. This element of Brazilian character is one thing that gives the written Word such an influence in Brazil. These men at once began to say "the priest is rejecting a book authorized by his own Church;" others drew near and read the same words, and very soon one man said, "I want one of your Bibles, and I will see for myself if it is true." In a few minutes they cried out against the priest, who was compelled to turn his back and retire from the field of battle. Then one after another said, "I want one of your books," and in perhaps less than ten minutes, the thirty-two copies of the Scriptures that we had in hand and

in our saddle-bags were sold to the crowd, who just a few minutes before were ready to beat, stone and shoot us. The change was wonderful: it seemed a miracle: surely the hand of God was in it. We then retired to the little stream over a hill just outside the town where our packmules were resting. One of the men went to buy provisions before we moved on, as we learned that we had now to traverse a long uninhabited region. While we were waiting for him, there suddenly fell upon us a mob of about thirty or forty persons, armed with sticks, swords and pistols. They surrounded us so quickly that it seemed as if they had dropped down out of the skies. They were raging wild with excitement, and we thought surely this time we would be murdered. I breathed a silent prayer to God for help and deliverance, and then received the courage, inspired by God's Spirit, to ask them to be quiet for a moment and give me an opportunity, (before they killed us), to say a word to them of Jesus and His love. I took the Testament approved by the Catholic Church, and read, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then for about twenty or thirty minutes, standing with uncovered head, in the burning hot sun, I talked to them of God's great love. The mob at once began to quiet down, some dropped their stones and sticks, others put up their swords and pistols, and

all listened attentively; many seemed deeply moved, and some with tears in their eyes, came up, and throwing their arms around us, said, "How is this? We have never heard such things before." There could be no doubt that God had sent His Spirit to deliver us and to deliver them. We had a glorious time. A few, however, were not satisfied, and the priest of the town was raging mad. We knew that efforts were being made to organize another and stronger mob to attack us in the night. We sold to those around us more copies of the Scriptures, and having secured provisions for the journey, we decided it was prudent to move on, and leave them to the guidance of God's Spirit in reading the Word. Several persons plead with us to remain and explain to them more of the truths of that wonderful book, but we felt persuaded that it was best to leave them. As we bade them good-bye and ascended the hill, looking back over the town, we wept, and we also shouted glory to God, who had given His Word entrance into that community, and who had so marvellously delivered us from the wrath and violence of our enemies.

It has been about ten years since this took place, and my heart has longed many times to return and know something more of the results, but the opportunity has not come; no missionary or preacher has yet reached that section.

We there were told that the Bishop of Diamantina, having learned the route we proposed tak-

ing, had written letters to all the priests along the way, and sent a special messenger on horseback to go ahead of us and deliver them. This explained how it was that in every place, the people were already advised of our coming and were warned against us and our Bibles. I then recalled a visit I had had in Diamantina from a man who showed himself very friendly and greatly interested in the route we should decide to take from that place; he proffered much useful information about the roads, etc. I ascertained later that he had been sent to us by the Bishop for the express purpose of knowing our route so that he might send his letters of warning to the priests. Of course, at the time of the visit I did not suspect anything wrong.

Before we left the bounds of that Bishopric, we passed through one of the most fanatical villages we had yet visited; about the only man who dared to speak with us, or rather, allowed us to speak to him, refused to even look at or handle a Bible. He said that he was afraid to touch it, that really he had just as soon take hold of the most poisonous snake as to touch that book; he believed if he were to take it in his hand, he would fall dead on the spot; and, trembling with fear, he asked us to move on.

When we reached the lower lands and larger valleys, the soil was more fertile, the trees larger and the whole aspect of the country changed. In the town of Philadelphia, or Theophilo Ottoni, is

a German colony, which has made its impress most distinctly on the whole country. The Lutheran pastor showed a truly evangelical spirit, and I learned that he frequently preached in Portuguese. One of our correspondents in Bahia occasionally consigned to him small quantities of Scriptures for sale and distribution among the Brazilians. I afterwards shipped Scriptures to him from Rio.

From that town we still journeyed on muleback to reach the little railroad that would take us to the seacoast. We took the shorter and more direct route through a section inhabited by wild Indians, who had recently been enraged against the Government for cutting a road through their territory. Just two weeks before they had killed a white man. We were advised to pass their villages at night, and to do this we had to travel over long, uninhabited sections of wild forests in the daytime. For three days and nights we scarcely slept, and when we reached the railway, both men and animals were well tired out. During this latter part of the journey, we had but few Scriptures for distribution. About the last we sold were a few copies at a small village; when about two miles away, I heard some one shouting behind us, and looking back, saw a negro man running toward us in great haste. He came up with the perspiration streaming from his face, and said his master was asleep when we passed through the village; but awoke soon after

we left, and hearing of the books we were selling, greatly desired one, and that he had sent him in great haste to overtake us and buy one. Fortunately we yet had a few left and were able to supply him.

During this journey of six weeks we had travelled about 560 miles; visited twenty-eight towns and villages with many intervening settlements, scarcely any of which had ever before been visited by colporteur or missionary, and sold nearly 700 copies of the Scriptures, many of them to persons who had never before seen or scarcely heard of a Bible, and preached to hundreds for the first time. The return journey I was obliged to leave to the colporteurs. Bahia and its vicinity call for a separate account.

Mrs. Agassiz has very well said that on arriving in Brazil "one should land first in Bahia, for in its aspect it is the most national and characteristic of the cities." She speaks of its quaint and picturesque character, and then says, "On first disembarking, you find yourself at the foot of an almost perpendicular hill, and negro bearers appear at your side to carry you up the steep ascent in a curtained chair." Since 1865, these "cadeiras," borne by negro slaves, have given way to an elevator, and electric cable cars.

The bay, whose real name is Bahia de Todos os Santos, All Saints' Bay, so called by the Portuguese navigator who first discovered it, most probably on All Saints' Day, is said by many to

be one of the finest in the world. The city was founded about the year 1550, with the name of San Salvador. The King of Portugal sent out the first Governor-General Brazil ever had, with instructions to build a city in the Bay of All Saints, to be called San Salvador. It was to be "strong enough not only to keep the natives in awe, but also to resist the attack of any more formidable enemy." Six Jesuits accompanied this expedition, the first to set foot in the New World. Xavier had already gone to the East, and now the souls of the Brazilians concerned João III. Bahia remained the seat of government until 1763, when the viceroy was instructed to move it to Rio de Janeiro, and was the centre of Brazil's political, social and religious history in colonial times. The story of the first settlers, the struggles between the Portuguese and the French, and against the Spaniards, the Dutch invasion, are all interesting chapters in the history of this really quaint and wonderful old city, if indeed a city of 350 years can be called old. From external appearances it might be a thousand years old. Its religious history is a most remarkable and painful one; the coming of the first Jesuits, the first nunnery, Bishopric, and Arch-Bishopric in Brazil, all indicate that it has from the beginning been a stronghold and principal centre for Roman Catholicism. But the intellectual and moral condition of the inhabitants in the city and

throughout this great State is a sad commentary on this Church.

This was for a long time the great centre of the importation of African slaves, and the negro element is so large as to occasion the denomination of Bahia as the "Africa of Brazil." Thousands of these blacks are worshipping to-day the fetishes and wearing the charms which they and their ancestors brought over from Africa. The population of the city of St. Salvador is about 175,000, and it is the second city in size in the Republic. Notwithstanding its quaint and ancient appearance, there are many modern improvements in the way of manufacturing establishments, street railways, electric cars, railroad station, and other buildings. The city is well lighted with gas and has a good supply of water. The railroad extends from the city to Joazeiro on the banks of the San Francisco river, a distance of about 370 miles. There is also a system of river and seacoast navigation from this point; all of which are advantageous to efforts for circulating the Scriptures throughout the country. The State claims to have about 755 public schools, 332 for boys, 265 for girls, and 158 for both boys and girls; there are also a number of private schools. The city has a number of technical schools, such as a Lyceum, Academy of Fine Arts, a Normal School for young men, and a Normal School for young women, a Law School,

Medical College, a Roman Catholic Theological Seminary, etc. There are a number of daily papers and other periodicals, and several libraries.

However great may be the need of the Bible to the inhabitants of this immense State, it must appear from the statements above, that the illiteracy and superstition so largely prevailing, together with the hostile influence of the Church, with the masses of the people, are by no means favourable conditions for the circulation of the written Word. It is not to be wondered that Henry Martin, who on his eventful voyage to India nearly a century ago, touched at this point, after viewing with his spiritual sight the condition of the people and conversing in Latin with priests and friars, should have sighed and said, "Crosses there are in abundance; but when shall the doctrines of the cross be held up?" a very pertinent inquiry, which only began to have its real answer about fourscore years later.

From the first attempts of evangelical Christianity to teach the truth in that city, a few Bibles found acceptance. On my first arrival the Baptist and Presbyterian mission stations were already well established and had reached out to a few neighbouring towns and villages.

The first words of testimony I heard from these missionaries were to the effect that the extension of their work in the city, but more particularly outside, was due to the work of the Bible col-porteurs; and they offered every encouragement

and promised coöperation in our efforts to carry the Bible to the far interior. Thousands of copies of the Word of God have been sold within the city limits during the period of which we write.

Our first journey in the year 1888 was from the city of Bahia across the bay and up the river by boat about forty-eight miles to the city of Cachoeira. Thence we travelled by the Brazil Central Railway along the valley of the Paraguassú river for a distance of more than 150 miles.

The story of the next week is one of hardship. We supplied ourselves with mules, buying them from a man who had brought to the coast a cargo of dried beans and coffee. As the public road to Lençoes was very circuitous, we took a shorter path through the forest. We crossed a river in a leaky old canoe that threatened every moment to swamp us, then got tangled in the midst of a great swamp surrounded by a dense forest. The mules fell with their loads in the mud and water, and we had to wade a considerable distance to firm land. The nights were full of discomfort. One evening we searched for hours for some water, until the words of David, "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem," acquired a new meaning. Sleep gave partial relief, and in the morning a cock's crow led us to where we could slake our thirst. One afternoon we were followed by three *onças*, or Brazilian jaguars, but were spared from any attack. There was naturally little opportunity

for Bible work, but a few copies of the Scriptures were left at some huts.

We heard at two or three places that our coming had already been announced in the town of Lençoes, and that the priest was stirring up much opposition to us,—not very inviting news after the long, toilsome and dangerous journey. A man coming from the town warned us of the danger awaiting us, and said the priest was organizing a mob for the purpose of driving us out of the town, and that most probably they would kill us. I felt assured in my heart that we had come thus far in the name of Christ and that our mission and work was for His glory.

About one o'clock P. M., October 19th, we came near the town. While still in the woods I called the men to a halt; we dismounted, knelt before God and made prayer unto Him. I felt in my heart surely He was present, and in the spirit we were ready to enter the town and undertake the work we had come to do. As we passed out from the woods we found ourselves on the brink of a hill, from which we looked out over the valley. On the opposite side from us and back of the town lay a great range of barren, rocky hills, or mountains. Just at their base nestled the town of one-story houses, there being just now and then one of a story and a half or two stories. It seemed as though every inch of soil along the banks of the little river, and extending some distance up the hillsides, had been upturned, sifted,

and washed in search of diamonds. Very few are found now, though a number of persons keep at work.

The first thing we did was to rent a small house, there being no such thing as an inn or a hotel where we could stop. I had been told that the priest in the town was much opposed to the Protestants and their work, and that a number were ready to do any meanness in the way of persecution that he might suggest. I visited the justice of peace and the chief of police, the two principal authorities in the place, explained to them the nature and object of our visit, and obtained of them the privilege to sell books in the streets. They were both kind, and made no objection to our work. I asked the chief of police about a room for preaching, as it was contrary to Brazilian law to preach in the streets, and he kindly offered to procure a suitable room for the service. Very soon the news of our presence was noised through the town. It was now late; we had our dinner, and sat down for a little rest, intending to begin our work the next morning. Very soon they began to stone the house. The stoning continued for nearly an hour and was mingled with words of mockery and scorn. At last one of the colporteurs decided to go out and offer them some tracts. He said to them we had come on a mission of good-will, exhorted them to take these tracts, go home and read them, and come to see us on the morrow. The plan worked

admirably. Not another stone was thrown or a word of mockery heard. Quietude reigned in town. We had sweet worship and went to sleep.

As soon as we opened the door of our house the next morning persons began to come in—some to buy books, others to ask questions, and more to see what sort of looking creatures Protestants are. The entire day was occupied in talking to the people and selling the Scriptures. It was indeed a busy day. The chief of police came in the afternoon to tell me he had arranged a large room for the worship, and said he would send soldiers at night to keep order. At eight o'clock, when the door was opened, and we were ready to begin worship, the house was soon full, and many stood outside. We sung some hymns and prayed. I read passages of the Word, and preached to them on the subject of the sacred Scriptures the main doctrines and truths therein set forth, and their importance to all men. God certainly blessed us on that occasion. I announced preaching for Sunday at midday and at eight o'clock at night.

Sunday morning I awoke with this text in mind, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." In my slumber I had reviewed a sermon previously prepared on this subject in English, but never preached in Portuguese. The experience was a most glorious one; I saw so very clearly the adaptation of the

thoughts to these people, who, bowed down to images and idols, are greedy after gain, and live only to satisfy every human passion and lust. At the midday service and at night we had large and attentive audiences. Quite a number showed some interest in the Gospel, and some came to talk with us after services. We had most excellent order and good attention. The soldiers kept under control those who were disposed to disturb and persecute. This act of the chief of police is a thing little known in Brazil. At night, when I was ready to sleep, I felt the day had been well spent.

In the interior of Brazil it is customary in all the small towns and villages to have one day in the week as the Feira (market day), when the country people bring in their produce and marketing. Often this is Sunday, but fortunately for us it was Monday at this place, and we had the opportunity of selling the Scriptures to many who live in the country some distance away.

In the house of the justice of the peace I found a young negro Christian, who was born in Bahia, but went as a boy to Africa, where he joined the Wesleyan Church. He had been to England and New York, and hearing of his father's death had returned to Brazil to care for his mother. He was respected by all, and joined in our services most heartily. The colour distinction of the races is scarcely recognized in Brazil. The fact

is, it is hardly recognizable—that is to say, it would be almost an impossibility to draw such a distinction, there is such a mixture of the races.

A few days later, I left the colporteurs to carry on the work and return to the city of Bahia by a more circuitous route in order to reach a larger number of towns and villages. From time to time other journeys have been made by colporteurs through the interior of that State, and the missionaries in the city of Bahia have had many calls to come and explain more fully to the readers the wonderful truths of the colporteur's book.

The work, however, has not been carried on without much opposition, as the following story from one of our colporteurs, José C. da Silva, well illustrates. He had been two days in a small town named Villa de Giboia, when the priest sent a member of his family with a well-armed force to attack him, which they did, compelling him to deliver up all his books to be burned in the public square. He was unable to obtain redress from the authorities, because the priest himself was considered the chief authority in the place. They took from him and burned, forty-seven Bibles, fifty New Testaments, and 100 Gospels. Among them was his own Bible, in which he had placed a sum of money, equal to about fifty dollars, for safe keeping. This also was burned. He had no recourse but to return to the capital and report to the chief of police. The chief told him that he had no power to force the priest to indemnify him, but

he would see that he was secured against any new attack. The colporteur published a full report of the incident in one of the daily papers and returned to the work. Doubtless it will finally result in the furtherance of the Gospel in that part of the country. I was afterwards told that the priest was really the mayor of the town and a member of the State Legislature.

It will be remembered that two of our colporteurs in the year 1891 continued the overland journey from Rio into this section and reached the city of Bahia. At a town called Victoria they sold three Bibles. They left also a few tracts, and copies of an evangelical paper which had been given them for distribution. At least one of the purchasers became interested in the Bible, and afterward wrote to the editor and subscribed to the paper. In September, 1897, just six years later, a letter was received in Rio de Janeiro from that gentleman, stating that he had been reading the Bible together with other persons, and that twenty-four of them had banded themselves together to study the Scriptures, and were meeting regularly to worship God as best they knew how. He begged that a preacher be sent at once to preach Christ to them and instruct them more fully.

From all points of this great country such calls are frequent. The representatives of the Bible Society in past years have been sowing the seed,

and now the call comes for the reapers to gather the harvest.

A recent number of an evangelical paper contained an open letter from a Brazilian, in which he directs special attention to the nameless heroes in the history of the evangelization of this country. He says: "Thou knowest, my friend, and all the missionaries and evangelists testify to it in the recollections of their travels, that in nearly every case where the preacher of the Gospel goes for the first time, in whatever community of our country, he meets already one or more persons who receive him with sympathy, and who for some time, in fervent prayers to God, have begged his visit. One owns and reads a Bible; another knows how to sing hymns; many have read evangelical tracts. Who did this work? No one knows. Along there some time ago passed a colporteur; a poor, fiercely persecuted believer from another community to that place, or at least took refuge there for a time—a nameless one, indeed, prepared the way for the preacher. I know of cases, my friend, in which the congregation was already a reality, and already the house of prayer was erected when the missionary or evangelist arrived."

If the world does easily forget her nameless heroes, our church ought not to forget hers, of whom she has a great number in this land. And I do not believe it is asking too much that in the

history of the conquerors or the heroes who have names to be recorded, a chapter dedicated to the nameless heroes, the humble colporteurs of the Bible Society would be one of the most interesting of the book.

VII

Tent Life

ON MULEBACK THROUGH MINAS GERAES—PIONEER
WORK BEARING FRUIT—THE BLACK RIVER—
THE NIAGARA OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE general direction taken to reach this district was by rail from Rio de Janeiro to the city of São Paulo, a distance of about 300 miles, and from thence northward by rail to Campinas, a distance of sixty-two miles, and then by the Mogyanna railroad to Jaguára, the first station just across the Rio Grande, a distance of 318 miles, since extended to Araguary, 175 miles more. This system has in operation 741 miles of road, and is doing much to open up and develop one of the most fertile sections of the country. The work through the State of São Paulo will be described in another chapter. So then our story begins from the banks of the Rio Grande and carries us northward for six weeks on muleback by a circuitous route of about 400 miles to the Rio Preto, which flowing into the Paracatú river, forms the largest western tributary to the head waters of the great San Francisco. We descended



A MULE TRAIN.

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the Rio Preto, Paracatú and San Francisco rivers almost all the way in canoe to the Atlantic ocean, a distance of 1,500 miles, and returned from thence by ocean steamer to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of 1,000 miles.

We began the real work of the journey at Jaguára. At this time there were perhaps seventy-five or 100 persons living about the place. I had brought with me a full outfit for travel, consisting of a tent, traveller's bed, wearing apparel, a small supply of canned foods, a few simple medicines, a quantity of books, etc. I had instructed our colporteur, Sr. Lourenço d'Almeida, to secure the necessary animals and harness for the journey, and had previously shipped on a large supply of books. On landing at the station I was disappointed not to find him waiting for me. I had secured a letter of introduction from my friend, Dr. Orville Derby, to a well-to-do farmer who lived very near the station, and soon made my way to his house, where I was cordially received and well entertained. I found him to be a very liberal-minded man, and one who seemed ready for the new order of things that was to take place in the very near future, such as the liberation of the slaves, the overthrow of the monarchy, etc. But the Colonel, as everybody called him, was too advanced in years to do much active service for his country. He had freed all his slaves several years before, and had very comfortably and wisely adjusted himself to

the new conditions. We had long talks together about the Bible, and I read and explained to him passages of the Word.

He bought a Bible, which I handed to him with a prayer that it might prove a great blessing to him in his declining years. There were about the plantation a number of children, for whom, as I learned upon inquiry, there was no school; a state of things of frequent occurrence through the interior of the country.

Early the next morning while waiting for my colporteur I started out to offer the Scriptures, and sold ten copies, two of them to men who lived a long distance away, and who had come to the railroad in ox carts loaded with produce. Down by the river side I visited several boatmen in their mud huts, one of whom was quite sick. I selected and read to him what I thought to be a few appropriate passages of Scripture, and talked to him of Jesus the Saviour of men. It all seemed new to him and he grew deeply interested. The Spirit was present, and as the poor, sick man began to grasp some knowledge of the truth his face brightened, and his heart rejoiced. Several others standing by listened with great attention. This was the first opportunity these men had ever had of hearing the Word of God. It must not be inferred from this statement that this was the first time that the Bible had crossed the Rio Grande. Several years previous to this two of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society

had penetrated into that interior region on foot, sending their books from place to place by pack-mules. They would go on long journeys and be absent for several months at a time, and on their return to the nearest mission station, which was Mogy-Mirim, they would relate their thrilling experiences and work to the missionary, and urge him to go with them and preach the Gospel to the many who were anxious to hear and who were reading their Bibles. Many times they would tell also of the opposition and persecutions encountered. At the town of Uberaba José Tonelli, an old soldier of Garibaldi, had been stoned and left by the roadside for dead.

It was principally through the influence of Felipe Weingeter that the Rev. John Boyle, a pioneer missionary, whose grave makes dear to the Church of Christ that whole interior region, was induced to go on an evangelistic tour and inspect the work being done by these men. He turned over to native workers what he had wisely planted in and about Mogy-Mirim, and with his family settled in the far interior, at what he deemed a convenient centre from which to make evangelistic tours in many directions through the Provinces of Minas Geraes and Goyaz.

The work has prospered from the very beginning and a number of small congregations have sprung up throughout that extensive region.

On the second morning two men rode up accompanied by several pack-mules. I asked one

of them if he did not wish to buy a Bible; he thanked me and said he had a Bible, and I was agreeably surprised to find that this was my colporteur, whom I had never before seen; the other was the servant who was to do our cooking and look after the animals. Our troop consisted of nine animals, one for each of us to ride, and four for cargo, which consisted of a tent, a few cooking utensils, a small quantity of provisions, wearing apparel and our supply of Scriptures.

We left the railroad station about 2:30 o'clock, March 30. The way was through a rough and hilly section, sparsely inhabited. As the sun seemed to touch the tree-tops of the western hills we camped where the grass grew fresh beside a small stream. We passed the town of Sacramento about nine A. M., the next day, and left copies of the Scriptures. Very soon we were on the plains, almost uninhabited. At times we seemed to be in a great sea of prairie grass, "planted with island groves," extending to the horizon. At four o'clock of Saturday we came to a convenient place and pitched our tent beside the water for rest on Easter Sunday.

The morning was bright and lovely, the shower having cleared the air. I talked to my men of our Lord's resurrection, and we felt a touch of the resurrection power. In the afternoon an ox cart came by, and one of the men stopped and asked us for a cup of coffee. As the servant gave it to him I preached to him Jesus Christ and the

commandments. It seemed to him strange, but he became interested and tarried quite a while. I read to him the commandment on the Sabbath, and gave him a copy of the Gospel. When about to leave, he said he would overtake his ox cart and rest for the remainder of the day. We passed the evening pleasantly, reading and singing hymns, and the day was a happy one. I had my opportunities, though I was only with these three men on the plain. Where there is one man there is an opportunity. Our Saviour preached to the woman at the well of Samaria.

Monday morning we were up at three o'clock, and before daylight, while the moon yet shone brightly, we started on our way. At a house beside the road, where we stopped to breakfast, the man of the house became much interested, and as we began to load the animals, he said to me: "Read more to me and let the other men load the animals." Some of his neighbours came in, and he had me to read and explain passages to them also. He and others bought copies of the Word.

From thence until night we journeyed across vast plains upon which scarcely any vegetation grows, except the prairie grass two or three feet high. Now and then, near the small streams, where were a few trees, we saw birds and animals such as the ostrich, parrot, tatou and fox. Late in the afternoon we began to despair of finding water for the animals and ourselves. One of the men suggested that one of our little pack-mules,

if put in front, would find water if there was any near the road; so we all followed the little mule. After about one-half hour he turned aside from the road; we all followed, and very soon he led us down beside a small stream, where we found good grass for the animals and a pleasant camping ground. The next morning we resumed our journey at an early hour.

About one P. M. near a village I met a man and talked to him of the Scriptures. He became much interested, and though he could not read, bought a copy, saying he had a friend who could read.

At first he seemed surprised that Jesus Christ should have lived and died for sinners nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and the truth was just now being made known to him and his friends. He was slow to believe because of this fact. It is true the Roman Church pretended to exist in this country; but the truth is not preached, and the people know nothing of the real truth of the Gospel. Let the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ think on the questioning in this ignorant man's mind. If Jesus died nearly 1,900 years ago to save sinners, and gave the command "go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," what has the Church and ministry been doing all these years, that men to-day, for the first time are hearing the good news? How long before there will not be one man on earth who has not heard the story? If all the energies and forces of the Church were brought

to bear to accomplish this one end, how soon it might be done!

At Bagagem we had a cordial welcome from two Presbyterian missionaries, the Rev. John Boyle and the Rev. G. W. Thompson, in company with whom I came to Brazil. They had recently moved to this town, and were preaching in a number of towns and villages in this section. Sunday afternoon I preached at Estrella do Sul ("Star of the South"), a small town named for the second largest known diamond in the world. This gem was found by a negress in the year 1853, who presented it to her owner to obtain her freedom. After being cut at Amsterdam it weighed 125 carats, and was valued at \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. A few years ago it belonged to the Pasha of Egypt.

We sold many copies of the Scriptures in Bagagem, and on April 18th set out for Paracatú, about one hundred and sixty miles to the north. We travelled for several hours over hills and highlands, and at evening came to Carmo, a village of a few hundred inhabitants, said to be a very fanatical place, where there is much opposition to the Gospel. The next morning a heavy rain continued until near midday, and during the morning we made a canvass of the town, succeeding in selling seventeen copies of the Scriptures, notwithstanding the opposition of some who were very bitter against us.

After a pleasant Sunday by a beautiful little

stream, we came on Monday to the Paranyhyba river, which we crossed in canoes, the animals having to swim across. From the river we ascended a great serra into the highlands, or watershed, between the north and south, east and west. We continued on this great highland until within a few miles of Paracatú. We saw very few people during the time, but met two *tropas* of pack-mules loaded with leather, on their way to the railroad.

Passing over this extensive highland and coming to the serra on the north, we had a view of one of the most extensive and beautiful valleys I have ever looked upon. We stopped for a while, that our minds and souls might drink in the inspiration of such a scene of grandeur and beauty, then descended into the valley and pitched our tent beside a stream. The next morning we found that three of our animals had strayed off or were stolen, and the entire day was spent in searching for them, but in vain, while both Mr. Thompson and I were badly lost in the wild woods of this great valley. There were few inhabitants in this valley, and they very poor, but we hired an ox cart. A short time before midday we found the strayed animals beside the road, some eight or ten miles from the camp.

The soil of this valley is reasonably fertile, and produces the finest pasture I have seen in Brazil. We came to the city of Paracatú late in the afternoon of April 27. This place, of perhaps 5,000

inhabitants, is the largest town of this interior section, and is situated beside a small stream that, with others, forms the head-waters of the great San Francisco river. Great quantities of gold have been dug from the hills and banks of the river, and after a heavy rain a great many persons are employed in gathering up the dirt washed down from the mountains, which frequently contains considerable quantities of gold.

The people of Paracatú received us cordially, the authorities gave us permission to preach in the streets, and we spent nine days there. During the daytime we offered the Scriptures for sale and conversed with many who were interested in the Gospel. For seven successive nights we preached to large audiences gathered in the public square, at that time quite a new and unusual thing. I inquired how it was that we were granted this liberty and met with so little opposition, and learned that the vicar of the town was an old man, who had grown very wealthy and was no longer specially interested or concerned with the religious interest of the people. While we were circulating the Bible and preaching to his people he was quietly taking his ease in his comfortable house, surrounded by servants and all the luxury to be had in that far interior town. From the very first visit of a colporteur and missionary the work has prospered in that place.

During our stay there I had seen almost every

day a man dressed in a black and purple robe that hung down below his knees going through the streets. In one hand he carried a rod, on the end of which was a little silver figure of a dove, while in the other was a tin plate over which was spread a beautifully embroidered white cloth; he would ask each person he met or who would come to the door when he knocked, to kiss the image of the dove and to put money in the plate. On Sunday afternoon our colporteur came into our room in a great state of excitement, saying that he had just witnessed a very disgusting scene of idolatrous worship and blasphemy. Looking out I saw what was known as the procession of the Holy Spirit. The old priest and his assistants, accompanied with a band of music and quite a multitude, composed principally of the lower classes and street urchins, all with bare heads, were carrying the rod with the silver image of a dove and something like a banner on which was painted a dove. They were constantly sending up great quantities of fire rockets; the boys specially seemed to be having a grand time and there was not the slightest evidence of serious thought or conviction with any one in the crowd as to the real meaning of the Holy Spirit. I then learned that the man with the rod, during the past week, by having people pay for the privilege of kissing the image of the Holy Spirit, had been collecting money to defray the expenses of the procession; that the amount collected was considerable, while

the expenses were insignificant. It was by such methods as this that the priest had enriched himself.

On the morning of May 7 we left Paracatú for the Rio Preto (Black River), about sixty-five miles to the north. The country through which we passed was flat and swampy. Recent rains had swelled all the little streams and filled to overflowing the pools and lakes, so that travelling was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. Wild birds and animals were numerous; the malaria from the lakes and swamps was abundant, and there were but few inhabitants along the way. After two and a half days of travel we reached the river and were entertained at a farmer's house while we disposed of the animals, and made preparations to descend the river. Some of the slaves and others were much impressed with the singing, and asked for copies of the hymns, especially of a hymn, "The Precious Blood of Jesus." As they could not read, I was curious to know what they would do with them; I thought, however, as one boy among them could read, they perhaps would have him teach them the words. The next day I found they had sewed them up in a little sack of cloth, and with a string had fastened them around their necks. Their idea was that they were now saved; that those copies of hymns contained the whole doctrine of salvation, and that it was only necessary to be in possession of a copy in order to be saved. We spent what time

we could in giving them further instruction in the truth. We bought of the farmer a large canoe—the body of a great tree hewn out. It was nearly thirty feet long, two feet six inches deep, and about three feet wide. We gave our boat the name of Boas Novas (Good News). Our baggage consisted of three hundred and sixty-three copies of the Scriptures, a supply of provisions, cooking utensils, our bedding, and valises. We employed two men—one a pilot, the other an oarsman.

On May 12 we began our voyage down the great valley of the San Francisco river. The muddy banks of the Rio Preto were densely covered with trees, bushes and vines; multitudes of land and water animals and birds interested us. The parrots, monkeys, alligators and water hogs were the most numerous. When I saw the dense mat of forest, these wild birds and animals, and the muddy stream, I thought I could see the appropriateness of calling it the Black River.

We descended this river about sixty miles, to its mouth, and did not see a human being, or scarcely a sign of an inhabitant. We entered the Paracatú river, and for a distance of forty-five miles saw only one man. The first village we came to had about 125 inhabitants, not a white man among them. They received us kindly, and the chief officer of the village arranged for us to preach, himself inviting all the people. It was a strange proceeding, especially in Brazil, to hear

the officer, about dark, calling aloud to the people to assemble to hear the Gospel. I think nearly every man, woman and child in the place came as we preached to them salvation by Christ. Although the people are poor, and only a few can read, a number bought copies of the Scriptures. The next morning, when we were in our canoe ready to leave, about twenty-five of them came down to the river and asked us to once more sing for them some of our beautiful hymns. We stepped on shore, under the shade of the trees, sung, prayed and spoke a few words to them, and received from each a warm shake of the hand and an expression of a hearty appreciation of our visit. Along the Paracatú river we visited a few settlements and came next into the San Francisco river. The first place visited was San Romão, a village of about 800 inhabitants, where we had little success.

In the afternoon of Sunday as we were in our tent on the bank of the river, a number of men came to visit us. We talked to them of the Gospel of truth and light. One man invited us to his house and arranged for us to preach. Many came, and we had a precious service. Early Monday morning we went into the streets, and sold more than twenty copies, some to men who lived a long distance away. I have since learned that at least one of these copies was fruitful of good results, the reader of it and several of his friends have become believers in the religion of Jesus

Christ, and are begging for some one to go to their community to preach to them more fully the Gospel of salvation.

On our way to this town we had spent the night with a man living on the banks of the river, whose heart was attentive to the Word. He bought a Bible and besought us to return soon to visit him again.

About seven or eight years after this I had a letter from a Presbyterian preacher, who had been on a journey through the large territory opened up by the colporteurs and Mr. Boyle through western Minas and the State of Goyaz. He said that a man with whom he had spent the night on this journey had travelled more than 120 miles on horseback to hear the preaching and to plead with him to go and visit his community. He told the preacher of our visit, the night we spent with him, and said he had been reading the Bible for all these years. He had read it to his neighbours and a number of them had become believers and wanted to see and hear a preacher.

While resting on this Sabbath I witnessed what I have never seen in any other place nor heard tell of before, the worshipping of the ass upon which Jesus rode triumphantly into Jerusalem. We were quietly resting and reading under the shade of a great tree by the river side, when suddenly we heard the noise and crude music of a crowd that was marching out of the town along the road leading to the river. I soon saw in the

midst of the crowd a small donkey, all decorated, and upon inquiry was told that they were worshipping the animal in commemoration of the fact that Jesus rode into Jerusalem upon an ass. They told me that that animal was never used for ordinary purposes, but was kept as a sacred animal and object of worship.

The section of country drained by the San Francisco river and its tributaries, is estimated to have an area of 250,000 square miles. The river rises in the Serra das Canastras, at an altitude of more than 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and flows first in a northerly direction, then eastward and empties into the Atlantic ocean about midway between the cities of Bahia and Pernambuco, about 1,740 miles from its source. Numerous tributaries, increase the volume of water, and there are rapids, cascades, and cataracts, especially in the upper and lower parts of the river.

From the Pirapora falls, near the mouth of the Rio das Velhas, in Minas Geraes, to the Sobradinho rapids in the State of Bahia, a distance of about 800 miles, the river is easily navigable by vessels of very light draft. In recent years the government has completed the work of opening a channel through the Sobradinho rapids and thus another section of about 120 miles is now open to navigation as far as Boa Vista. When I passed down the river in the year 1888 this work was just being completed. It is doubtful if the sec-

tion from Boa Vista to Jatoba, a distance of about 150 miles, will ever be made navigable, though at certain seasons of the year canoes and small barges do go up and down these cascades. In the section from Jatoba to Piranhas, a distance of about sixty-five miles, are the famous Paulo Alfonso Falls, said to be second only to the great Niagara of North America, and claimed by some not to be surpassed in picturesqueness by any in the world. The volume of water, a little less than that of Niagara, is first poured into a narrow channel between two natural walls of granite; and then it is divided into three great falls, increased to four in the rainy season when the volume of water is very great.

The principal fall forms a curve, and about midway the waters are dashed against the north side of the channel and, broken into foam and spray, go leaping madly down the precipice into the wild depths below. This channel is about fifty-three feet wide, and the height of the entire system of rapids, cascades and cataracts is about 270 feet. Then comes a series of rapids making the river unnavigable until we reach the town of Piranhas, from which to the ocean, about 100 miles, there are no obstructions. The river thus easily furnishes 2,400 miles of navigation, especially in the rainy season; in the dry season this might be lessened somewhat. The valley or valleys drained by this system of rivers form an extensive region of fertile lands capable of very

large agricultural productions, while the hillsides and plains are well adapted to stock raising. Almost the entire section lies between 10° and 20° south of the Equator, and comprises about 200,000 square miles of territory. The river is noted more for its width than for its depth, and like the Nile overflows its banks in the rainy season, from November to March. The average width of the river in the extensive navigable section above the falls is about 1,100 yards, while the mean depth away from the sand banks does not exceed a few feet. The overflows during the rainy season enrich the soil and planting begins as the waters abate. The population in this region is calculated to be about 1,500,000, but it is estimated that 20,000,000 souls and more could be easily supported there.

Sugar-cane, cotton, rice, corn, potatoes and indeed most of vegetables and fruits belonging to sub-tropical and temperate regions may be easily grown in great abundance. The lumber trade is susceptible of large development; and granite for building is abundant. Those who have studied this region from scientific standpoints tell us that it is rich also in mineral resources.

Our next objective point was the town, or city, as it is called, of Januaria, so named in honour of the sister of the Emperor, Dom Pedro II. The distance travelled was about ninety or 100 miles, and we visited a large number of villages and settlements along the way, meeting for the most

part with a cordial reception and selling a large number of copies of the Scriptures.

The site of the town of Januaria on the left bank of the river is an extensive flat sandy plain, with a range of hills some five or six miles to the northwest, while to the east in the distance rises the Serra de S. Felipe. The total number of houses was about 750, built of adobe and mud with tiled and thatched roofs; many of them with dirt floors and no ceiling, and nearly all of one story. The chief of police, who seemed to be the highest authority in the town, was very kind to us; gave permission to sell our books in the streets and promised us every protection. The population numbered about 7,000 souls. This is the great commercial and social centre for all that upper valley region. It is distant from Rio de Janeiro about 650 miles and from Bahia about 620 miles, but the importations, which are chiefly dry goods and salt, come via Joazeiro, about 650 miles distant by the river. The mails come mostly by packmules from Ouro Preto, the capital of Minas Geraes. We rented a small house in which to lodge for a few days; one large front room with windows opening on the street proved very suitable for preaching. We very soon began our work of offering to the inhabitants the Word of God, and I was struck at once with the very liberal spirit shown by the people in general, many buying Bibles without hesitation.

In the course of the day several persons re-

ferred to a visit made to that city more than twenty years before by a Spaniard who sold a few Bibles, and then I understood why it was that the people seemed more liberal and open to the Gospel than I had found them in any other place along the river. In all this period no Gospel messenger had returned to visit them, but the fruit of Thomas Goulart's visit and the reading of the Bible was visible on every hand. The local mind had indeed been greatly unsettled, and many were anxiously seeking some solid ground to rest upon. When invited to come and talk with us privately about the Gospel several gladly accepted, and there was some real earnest spiritual work done that Saturday night in our quiet room. God did richly manifest his presence as we tried to point the inquirers to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

It is a painful reflection that another twelve years has passed by and no permanent evangelistic work has been established in the place, but I rejoice that plans are on foot at the Bahia mission station to establish work there soon. We sold 126 copies of the Word during our short stay in the place. As I was walking along one of the main streets one day my attention was attracted by a peculiar noise. I drew near to the house from whence it proceeded, and found that it was a school. The teacher sat at one end of the room with about half a dozen children around him,

all trying to read from one book, while thirty others were scattered over the room in groups of five or six, and each group had only one book: all were reading and spelling aloud, in a sing song tone that would remind one of a nest of bumble bees. The door stood open and I looked in for a moment. As I started on my way a boy came out and asked about the books I had in my hand; he carried one in for the teacher to see and then ran home to get a few coppers to buy a Gospel. In a very short time his example was followed by a number of his schoolmates, and the next day as I passed by I found them all studying and reading from their New Testaments and Gospels.

One man, who lived several leagues away, bought a few copies of the Scriptures to sell to his friends. I have recently heard that some of these have been read, and that there are some thirty or forty persons grouped together as a band of believers, who are asking for a preacher to visit them from the Bahia Station.

VIII

Down the San Francisco

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—BOM JESUS DA
LAPA—AN EVANGELICAL OFFICIAL—A BIBLE
BURNING.

IT was Sunday, May the 27th, and just at nightfall the mail courier arrived at Januaria from Ouro Preto, bringing the news that on the 13th the act of the absolute and unconditional abolition of slavery had been signed by the Princess Isabel at Rio de Janeiro, who was on the throne during the temporary absence in Europe of her father, the Emperor.

A procession was at once organized, and the crowd marched through the streets with an old band of music, sending off fireworks and shouting at a great rate. The slaves about the place were hearing of their liberation fourteen days after it had been secured by imperial sanction. The people in even so remote a section from the court as this were not surprised to learn of this, for a law of gradual emancipation had been in force for several years, and the growing abolition party was strong and active in the government. A few had already freed their slaves,

and many were thinking and planning for the new adjustment; but as men never seem fully prepared for such changes it is not to be wondered at that the whole social order of the country was disturbed by it, especially through the agricultural sections. Many rejoiced, others quietly acquiesced, and some murmured, but no one offered resistance. There can be no doubt that the act has had a most beneficent effect upon the social and economic life of the nation; but it is questionable if the condition of the blacks in general has been much improved; they have drifted largely to the towns and villages, and are rapidly dying from the use and abuse of rum. Since the colour line or race distinction is made little or nothing of in Brazil, there is no reason why these blacks and their children might not become the beneficiaries of whatever wholesome social influences and educational advantages the country affords for the poorer classes. A few are being absorbed into the new social order, but the mass of them seem destined to extermination through indolence and rum.

As we journeyed down the river for several days after the announcement of this emancipation act, we saw numbers of the ex-slaves with little bundles of clothes on their arms leaving the homes of their former masters and wandering about as if in search of shelter and food. They were in a poor condition to begin the struggle of life for themselves, and there was no provision

made to help them. Those who were disposed to work, however, soon found employment on other farms, and only a faithful few remained to work for their former masters.

The next stage of our journey was to Carinhanhas, a distance of 100 miles. This is a town of about 1,500 inhabitants in the State of Bahia just across the dividing line from Minas Geraes. The entire district or county of which this is the principal town has a population of more than 10,000. We stopped at several very small villages and a few country settlements along the banks of the river, whose inhabitants were living in great poverty and ignorance. Their mud huts with dirt floors and thatched roofs were of the crudest and most inferior quality. We occasionally found a man who could read and generally succeeded in leaving a copy of the Scriptures with him.

About sixty miles from Januaria we visited the almost deserted village of Morrinhos and the ruins of a very large Catholic church, whose two massive towers, like those in the cities of Rio de Janeiro and Bahia, are fairly well preserved and may be seen from a distance.

The village once numbered thirty or more houses, but most are now in decay and ruins while the street leading up from the river bank to the old church is given up to weeds and grass, as indeed is the entire village. One wonders why and how and when this massive old church and

its dependencies were built. It is generally believed that it owes its origin to the piety of one Mathias Cardozo who, in the early history of Minas Geraes, came from the city of São Paulo and settled in the wilds. He is supposed to have begun the work of construction and his son Januario, who went to Bahia for carpenters and masons, completed it. Much of the work was done by the Indians. Below the altar is a broken slab of slate with the inscription "Here lies Januario Cardoso de Almeida." There is no date. About forty years ago a man died in the village at the age of 113 years, who said the tomb was there when he was born.

A few miles down the river from this deserted village we came to a section where there was considerable cultivation and on an elevation was a large, white, new two-story house, the first of the kind we had seen in that part of the valley.

On reaching the town of Carinhanhas we first visited the chief of police and other authorities of the town council and obtained permission to sell our books through the streets. The priest of the town was the most violent in his denunciations of us and our Bibles of any we had met on the river, and we were surprised that many of the people showed some spirit of liberality and some desire to hear the preaching of the Gospel. During the canvass of the town I found that there were two Bibles already in the place, left there

more than twenty years before by the Spanish colporteur above referred to and these Bibles had been read by a number of persons. We obtained a house, a large number responded to our invitation and we had a most interesting time preaching to them Jesus and his salvation. There were few who could read and we sold only eight copies of the Scriptures in the town, but the missionaries at the Bahia Station have lately had interesting communications from that place and very earnest calls to go there and establish work. It seems that quite a number of persons have continued the reading of the Scriptures and are seeking to follow Christ.

From this point the course of the river is quite straight so that a canoe will float down at night with little difficulty. We spent a number of nights in this way, occasionally bumping against the bank, but seldom having sleep much disturbed. The river also abounds in fish and we feasted on them purchasing from the fishermen at very insignificant prices.

In April, when the dry season sets in, the people from the hill-sides and mountains move down to plant their corn, rice, beans, potatoes, mandioca, etc., along the flat banks of the river where there is a deposit of white sand. There is no breaking up of the ground needed; it is quite sufficient to make a hole with a sharp pointed stick, drop the seed in and cover it. The soil

underneath the deposit of sand is very fertile and furnishes sufficient moisture for the growth of a crop with the aid of comparatively little rain.

Many of them build booths or shelters of palm and other branches of trees; some make no shelter at all, but simply take up their abode for four or five months under the spreading Gamilleira or other trees. They generally sleep on a kind of mat made of coarse reeds woven together, have very few cooking utensils, no tables or chairs, eat from a tin pan or gourd with the hands, knives and forks and spoons being of little use to them and their clothing is reduced to a few simple articles. While the crops are growing they engage in fishing, cutting the fish in thin slices, salting and hanging it on poles in the sun to dry. At the beginning of this season the traders come up the river in canoes with supplies of salt, dry goods, etc., which they barter to the planters for the beans, rice, dried fish, hides, etc., that they may have ready a few months later. Just before the rains set in the traders begin to collect their pay and load their vessels for the homeward voyage and are ready to be borne down the stream by the first freshet. The planters gather up a portion of their crops, dried fish, and other things, and at the beginning of the rainy season, about October, return to their huts in the hills and mountains, where they spend the time in comparative ease and idleness until the next planting season, doing little except as they



AN EAGLE INDIAN.
(Amazon.)

1000

2000

kill a few wild animals and have the hides dried for the river trade.

These very fertile lands some day will be made to yield more abundantly for man's comfort and to enrich their owners. I saw stalks of cotton growing without cultivation to the height of seven or eight feet, from which I gathered beautiful white bolls which I submitted to a competent person in Rio de Janeiro who pronounced it a very excellent quality of raw cotton. The possibilities of this valley are really unknown, and doubtless it holds much wealth and comfort yet to be developed by man.

The next stage of our journey from Carinhanhas was about eighty miles to the famous Bom Jesus da Lapa (Good Jesus of the Grotto). As we came near the village we had a splendid view of what is popularly known as the "crouching lion," but which one writer has termed "a headless sphinx." It is a great stone about six or eight hundred feet long, about two hundred and fifty feet wide and two hundred feet high, lying upon a dead level. It is remarkable for perpendicular lines resembling pinnacles, and the sides jagged, like the flying buttresses of a Gothic temple, are cut up into angles sharpened by the weather. Deep black cracks, at altitudes varying from ten to thirty feet, run horizontally, forming gigantic courses of masonry. The south-western end is a vertical precipice, with a long broad, yellow stripe, where the stone has

been removed. The colour of the mass generally is grey slate, with fine crystals of the whitest limestone. In the southwest end is a natural grotto about eighty to one hundred feet in length and varying in width from twenty-five to fifty feet.

The entrance has been closed with a strong wooden door which is fastened with a ponderous lock. Six stone steps lead up to this door and just inside there is an apartment like a kind of vestibule and ten steps built of brick, lead up into the Holy Grotto. Near the entrance the ceiling is flat and over the altar it is somewhat arched, though it is irregular throughout, and in many places there are numbers of stalactites, also several stalagmites, one near the door being of considerable size. The altar is at the farther end of the cave on a raised platform. The image of Bom Jesus da Lapa, not more than two feet in height, is incased in a gaudy shrine. There are said to be a number of graves under the rickety and decaying wooden floor covering the part round about the altar. The irregular walls are thickly hung with figures of hands, feet and other parts, as well as some of the whole body, representing cures of wounds, bites of snakes and poisonous insects, all manner of diseases and deformities performed by this miracle-working image. There are also figures of animals that were likewise supposed to have been cured of poisonous bites. The devotees made vows that if healed

they would make such figures of hands or the body and present them to the image. These figures hang as so many testimonials of the faithfully performed vows.

It was a Saturday afternoon when we called on the priest to ask permission to visit this remarkable shrine. He was reported as not feeling well and was asleep; but some one told us that he did not care to have us profane the place. We finally found the sexton who kindly showed us through the temple. He pointed out a recess to one side where it is said the hermit was buried. Many pilgrims and worshippers at the shrine have carried away the dust, until a great hole has been dug in the floor; they say this holy dirt will cure all manner of wounds and sores. At one point the water drips almost constantly from the ceiling and the devotees call it miraculous water, and carry it away in bottles to the sick for healing and for restoring strength.

There are two stories on record as to the origin of this image. One, that it was brought from Spain by a rich Spaniard, who took up his abode in the grotto, in penance for his sins; another that it appeared to a monk who inhabited the grotto with some tigers.

One priest affirms that the crucifix is about 400 years old, which dates back to the discovery of Brazil, and that it was worshipped by the red men before it was discovered by the Roman Catholics.

Pilgrimages to the temple were not large or very frequent until about 1860; from that date they began to increase, and it is estimated that as many as 25,000 persons have gone annually to worship at this shrine. It is believed to possess extraordinary healing power, which accounts for the almost incredible statement, that in a region so sparsely settled 25,000 pilgrims come annually to worship. These poor devotees have contributed from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year in votive offerings to the image; the iron box at its feet is ever ready to receive all contributions.

Bom Jesus da Lapa in the year 1874 owned three farms well stocked with cattle and horses, a number of slaves and had \$50,000 in cash. Before the emancipation act of 1888 it had freed all the slaves, but is still in possession of the farms, and always has plenty of ready cash on hand. The annual election of the board of administration for the brotherhood is an occasion of much contention and political wire pulling, since it is generally believed that each member fills his pockets during the year. A project was on foot a few years ago to build a hospital in the village to cost not less than \$40,000. The priest in charge is the chief administrator of the whole affair; at the annual festival in August he invites his special friends, priests, to take part with him in the ceremonies and always sends them away with a full purse.

On our arrival in the town which has from

1,200 to 1,500 inhabitants, we asked of the chief of police permission to sell our books in the streets and to preach if we could make suitable arrangements; he kindly gave permission to do the former, but said we could not preach without the vicar's permission. We very soon made a canvass of the community, and to a very few who could read we sold nine copies of the Scriptures. As we stood very near the famous image asking questions of the sexton, he discovered the two books I had in hand, and when told what they were he bought a Bible, and after reading a few verses he carefully put it in the drawer of a small table just under the shrine.

We have heard several times since from the place and have learned that our efforts were not in vain; several persons have read the Scriptures and are anxious to have the missionaries open work there.

The next section of our voyage was a distance of about 185 miles to Cidade de Barra. One night we went ashore and pitched our tent on a spot where the undergrowth had been cut away. Mosquitoes and miasma were abundant, but the men made up a good fire to frighten away the wild animals and snakes; we were so tired that when we had contrived protection from the mosquitoes we slept so soundly that no one remembered to keep up the fire. By and by we were awakened by the noise of some seemingly gigantic animal, breaking through the bushes. Soon

his huge body was discovered and as we fired at him he bounded away with a yell. The boatmen built up the fire again and we slept, though not very soundly. Presently a howling wolf appeared on the opposite bank of the river, hungry for human flesh, but the broad waters were our protection. We had many interesting experiences along the way where we stopped to offer the Scriptures and to talk to the people about Jesus. I was astonished at the absence of all progress in these western out-stations of the Great Bahia Province, whose chief city was once the metropolis of the country, and whose seaboard is now one of the most prosperous and populous portions of the empire. Every thing that we see denotes poverty and neglect.

Some of the seed sown has already sprung up; a missionary, hearing of some who were reading the Bible, and who desired to learn more of the way has planned to follow up the work. We shall expect to hear by and by that the charge of ignorance, poverty and neglect, and the absence of all progress, can no longer be made against the inhabitants of that section; but instead enlightenment, holiness and prosperity will characterize the valley of the San Francisco.

The Cidade de Barra has a population of about 6,000 and shows more signs of life, enterprise and learning than any place visited since we left Januaria, about 400 miles up the river. This is destined to become some day an important place,

located as it is in the centre of a district with large possibilities for agriculture and stock raising, where the Rio Grande empties into the San Francisco. It is distant from the city of Bahia about 460 miles, and has the honour of being the birthplace of the Baron of Cotegeipe, who was for some time prime minister during the latter years of the empire.

On entering the town we first visited the chief of police to obtain permission to sell our books and to preach. His reply was you have the pleasure of talking to one of the same belief. I have for several years desired to see a minister of the Gospel, and thank God he has come at last.

He soon furnished us rooms for lodging, secured to us ample protection and opportunities to carry on our work, and sent a soldier to accompany us through the streets. This was a new experience, going through the streets as a Bible colporteur attended by a soldier in imperial uniform; quite a contrast to the incident recorded of my arrest in Santa Luzia, when the same uniform was present to conduct me away as a prisoner. The soldier seemed really to be a hindrance rather than a help so far as sales were concerned. As the people knew we intended preaching at night, they declined to buy that day, saying they preferred to first hear the preaching and what we would have to say publicly about the Bible. A large audience assembled and filled the room to overflowing, with still a large crowd in

the streets. Being under the police protection everything was quiet and orderly and many persons remained to talk after the service. We had a most interesting time during the few days spent there, and sold in all twenty-nine copies of the Word of God.

Upon further inquiry I found that the chief of police had obtained his Bible seven years before from a brother of his living quite a distance in the country, who had bought it from the colporteur passing through that valley some twenty years before. He gave good evidence of having read and studied the Word to good purpose. The brother likewise, from all we could learn, had been truly converted through reading the written Word.

One day, as I passed along the outskirts of the town where a crazy man was chained like some mad beast to the limb of a great tree, I came to a little mud hut where the rickety door stood ajar. A feeble voice invited me to come in. There lay an aged man in a hammock. I at once began to tell him about the book and the precious Saviour therein revealed. With feeble and trembling hand he took from a little old box at his side a small copy of the New Testament and handed it to me, saying, "I know all about it; for nineteen years I have been reading it, and trying to follow its teachings." He told me how he had been so wonderfully led into the light and joy of salvation through the reading and prayer. He said,

"I am an old man, sick, and will soon die, but I thank God I have learned that my soul does not have to go to purgatory, where my release must depend upon the good fortune of having money or friends to pay for mass to secure my deliverance; I have the assurance from this book and the witness in my heart that my spirit will go immediately into the presence of my blessed Saviour."

By this time our stock of books was running low, so we decided not to make long delays at any of the places to be visited in the remaining nearly 700 miles that lay between us and the sea. The most important villages and towns visited were Porto Alegre, Pilão Arcado, Remanso, Santa Sé, Casa Nova and Santa Anna. We sold in these places forty-three copies of the Scriptures, conversed with a number of persons and preached a few times.

At Santa Anna a government commission was just finishing a channel through the Sobradinho rapids. The little steamer, Presidente Dantas, was going down the river to Boa Vista a distance of 135 miles and the chief invited us to a free ride, which we gratefully accepted.

The town of Joazeiro is well situated on a bank about twenty-five feet above low water level where the river has seldom been known to overflow its banks. The river at this point is about 2,500 feet wide, and quite deep, thus affording abundant room for the many boats that are des-

tinued some day to ply its waters. As a commercial centre it will be perhaps the St. Louis of the San Francisco. It is already connected with Bahia by railway, a distance of about 370 miles; the distance from the city of Pernambuco is about 550, one-third of which is covered already by the San Francisco railway and there are seventy-five miles of easy navigation down stream, open to vessels of light draft.

This will become some day an important centre for the evangelization of the thousands that inhabit this great valley and its water sheds. Our time and supply of Scriptures were limited, so we sold only a few copies of the Word and talked with a number of persons about the Gospel. During the last ten years our colporteurs have visited the place several times and numbers of Scriptures have been sold which are bringing forth gracious results.

We went down the river seventy-five miles by boat to the village of Boa Vista, where we sold eighteen copies of the Scriptures. There we engaged a large canoe to carry us over the rapids, a distance of about 155 miles to Jatobá, just above the Paulo Affonso falls. This was by far the most exciting and dangerous part of the voyage. At times the curves were so sharp that the turn could only be made in the rushing waters by men standing in the bow of the boat with long poles which they thrust against the rocks, and with a strenuous

effort would keep us in the curving stream. Finally one of the men failed to manipulate his pole at the right minute and the mad waters drove us with a crash against the jutting stones. It was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to get safely to land. We patched up our boat and reached the village of Cobrobó by constantly bailing out the water. There we secured another bark and went on our way down the wild and dangerous rapids to Jatobá.

In the region between Joazeiro and Jatobá there are many islands, upon which the Jesuits years ago erected a number of large churches, some of which are now in ruins. Burton writes of this section, "We now enter the headquarters of the extinct Jesuit missions, a land of ruins, strange in a country so young; and we see with astonishment that more than a century ago the neighbourhood was much more advanced than it is at present. The Jesuits certainly taught their converts the civilization of labour, and now the village Indians have allowed their chapels to fall, and are fast relapsing into decay." The images from many of these ruins have been removed to the Church at Boa Vista, which now boasts the largest collection of these objects of worship to be found in any church in all that section. I was specially impressed with the magnificent proportions of four of those temples, dedicated respectively to Santa Maria, Santo Antonio, São Miguel, and São Felix. Bats, lizards,

pigeons, spiders and other insects are the only inhabitants of three of them. When we came to the last one, our boatmen all went into the old church to pray and cast their money in the box. This image is said to preside over that section of the dangerous rapids, and only those obtain a safe passage who pay and pray. They took great interest in showing us the richly incased image, hoping that we might be induced to follow their example. They were much alarmed, and for awhile it seemed as if they would refuse to attempt a further journey with us unless we contributed something to the image. They gave a sigh of relief when we had landed safely below the last rapids.

We landed safely at Jatobá and secured lodging for the night at the principal hotel in the place. Our beds were hammocks in a long room that accommodated about a dozen men. From Jatobá to Piranhas below the Paulo Affonso falls, a distance of about seventy miles was made by rail, and from there by boat to Pão de Assucar, about twenty-five miles. Saturday night, late, we landed at the town of Traipu. My presence in the town was soon noised abroad; the priest spoke at mass against me and a mob was organized to kill or drive me out of the place. It was with difficulty that I made my escape Sunday afternoon, and took shelter under a great spreading tree some distance down the river on the opposite shore from the town. The voyage

from Penedo to Aracajú was made at night in a great tempest and for several hours our small vessel without a cargo was blown about upon the raging waves almost as if it had been an empty gourd. I felt that it was a kind Providence that saved us from a watery grave.

At that time two colporteurs were working in Aracajú and those from the State of Bahia had extended their work into this region. So much interest resulted from this labour that a station of the Presbyterian mission had already been opened at Larangeiras, a city of about 5,000 inhabitants, which became afterwards a centre of our Bible work. There was the usual opposition on the part of the priesthood and one priest made special efforts to gather up and destroy every Bible that he could lay hands on. He collected quite a box of books and one day invited all the town to witness the burning. He made a bonfire in front of a great wooden cross standing on a hill overlooking the town, and threw the books in one at a time, naming one Wickliff, another John Knox, Luther, Wesley and so on until he had gone through the list of prominent Protestant leaders and reformers. The first effect of this was to make a deep impression upon the people of the priest's authority and power. Some, however, were disgusted and there followed a reaction, from which time the cause of truth has prospered. In every case Bible burning, which has been frequent throughout Brazil, has done

much to advertise the sacred Scriptures and thus many have read and examined the book which was said by the priests to be so pernicious.

The voyage down the coast from Bahia to Rio on one of Her British Majesty's Royal Mail steamers was a marvelous contrast to the voyage in the dug-out "Good News" on the San Francisco. This entire journey occupied four months, from March 27th to July 26th. We travelled the first 680 miles by rail, then about 400 miles on horseback to reach the point where the real Bible work of the journey began, though many copies of the Scriptures were distributed as we passed over these highlands. Then came about 1,590 miles in canoes, save a short run by steamer, and when we reached the seacoast we were about 900 miles from Rio, making the total for the four months 3,570 miles.

We visited about fifty towns and villages, besides numerous intervening country settlements, many of which had never before been visited by missionary or Bible colporteur. We preached to hundreds of persons who had never before heard the Gospel and put into circulation about one thousand two hundred copies of the Scripture. The experiences and observations of the journey have enabled us to plan and carry forward for twelve years aggressive colportage work through the great interior of Bahia, Minas Geraes, Goyaz, Pernambuco and other States.

IX

Pernambuco

POWER OF SOCIAL INFLUENCE—DUTCH AND PORTUGUESE — PARAHYBA — CEARA — READING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

AUGUST 29, 1889, I embarked on Her British Majesty's Royal Mail steamer, "Atrato" for Pernambuco, to begin a journey through the northern provinces and up the Amazon River. Our run from Rio to Bahia, a distance of thirty-five miles was made in exactly forty-eight hours, and was said to be the first run made in that time.

We next anchored at the port of Maceió, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It is well laid out, lighted with electricity, has street cars, and is connected by a railroad with the interior and the city of Pernambuco.

Several years previous to my first arrival there the place had been visited by the colporteurs; and such was the interest awakened by the reading of their Bibles that the Presbyterian missionaries from Pernambuco were induced to establish regular work in the city, placing a native preacher in charge. One of my first efforts to

carry forward the work was to send a colporteur from Sergipe, who made a journey across the province to Pernambuco by one route and returned by another. The work has gone steadily forward, and has spread throughout the entire state. These visits of the colporteurs have been seconded by the missionaries and their helpers, and more recently the Baptists have established a mission station there, and are meeting with good success.

The distance by sea from Bahia to Maceió is 270 miles, and from Maceió to Pernambuco 120 miles. We anchored off this latter port on the morning of September 3rd, and waited for day. Our steamer was of too deep draft to enter the harbour and as the sea was very rough, disembarking was dangerous and expensive. An Italian trader, engaged exclusively in the exportation of goat skins, and I were the only passengers to be landed. A row boat with half a dozen oarsmen came near and we climbed down the side of the ship by a rope ladder, dropping in as the boat swept by on the crest of a passing wave. This process had to be repeated several times in order to secure the two passengers and the baggage. Then came the row of two miles over the waves until we swept through the passage in the coral reef and were soon in calm water in the harbour.

The real name of the city of Pernambuco is Recife (reef), taken from a most remarkable coral reef that extends for many miles along that



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part of the coast at a short distance from the shore. In front of the city this reef is about thirty feet wide, flat on the top, and its perpendicular sides present very much the appearance of an artificial wall. The entrance to the port is through a break in the reef, but a sandbar makes it impossible for any but light craft vessels to cross except at high tide. The city itself is built on two long, narrow peninsulas, formed by two small rivers and the ocean, and connected by iron and stone bridges. In the oldest part of the town the streets are narrow and crooked, but on the other and larger peninsula the blocks of houses are larger, the streets wider, there are tram cars and good stores. It is not as picturesque as Bahia or Rio de Janeiro, has a more modern air than either, but looks also more cleanly and prosperous.

The most easterly city on the Brazilian coast, and located at a convenient distance between northern and southern ports, Pernambuco has a commerce of very considerable importance and is the great sugar export market of Brazil.

With a population of about 190,000, the city offers a promising field for colportage; but to find the man with the peculiar gifts necessary has been a matter of much concern for more than ten years. At different times men have done good work, and a considerable portion of the inhabitants have had an opportunity of purchasing the Word of God. Some thousands of copies

have been sold, and the reading of many of them has been blessed to the enlightenment and salvation of a number of souls. One of the most successful attempts was made in 1900, by Mr. F. C. Glass and Mr. G. F. Shiflersmith, who were sent up from Rio for a few months. A native Christian, Sr. Manoel C. Alves, was engaged and trained by them for the work; he still continues in that field. One of the three sold in fifty-five days 740 copies of the Scriptures, another in thirty-two days 504 copies, and the third in twenty-five days 401 copies; the general average for each being about fifteen copies per day. It is noticeable that the native colporteur has not done as well since the two foreigners removed to another field. One of the men wrote me shortly after their arrival in the city:

“So far we have sold 100 Bibles, 125 Testaments, and about 160 Gospels, in about nine days. I suppose that seventy per cent of all the Bibles and Testaments were sold after first encountering a blank refusal to purchase. It takes more angling, so to speak, to land a Bible than the cutest trout will need. Otherwise we have not yet met with more opposition than we have been accustomed to in the south.”

Later the other wrote: “So far we have met more ridicule than real opposition, though many seem ready to insinuate that we are liars and deceivers, to be avoided and shunned. It is very difficult to persuade a man to reason fairly and

justly, but they seem to base all their arguments on the superstitious fables and slanders and malicious misrepresentations of the priests. They even deny the New Testament of their own Church, approved by the Pope, insisting that the New Testament is a book of the new sect, as they call the Protestants here." These men did systematic work, canvassing from house to house, and their reports show that one man in one day sold fifty-seven copies, another fifty-six, another thirty-four and so on. The success of the two men from Rio was due in a measure to the fact that they were foreigners. Our native colporteurs are usually men of limited abilities, and apt to be easily overcome, discouraged, and driven away in the face of a little scorn, opposition, and indifference from the people. Another fact also that militates greatly against the native colporteur and his work is the contempt in which converts from Romanism are held by the masses generally. Many think it is all right for the foreigner, who was born and brought up in the Protestant faith to follow that way and even engage in the active work of propagating his religion. But for a native Brazilian, who was brought up a Roman Catholic to apostatize and become a Protestant is intolerable; such are held in great disdain, and by some are considered unworthy of respect. It is difficult for the foreigner to realize fully the position in which the native convert is placed when he abandons

the religion of his country and of his ancestors. Rome's assumption of the claim to be the only true Church with an infallible head, a regular and uninterrupted transmission of ministerial authority through bishops and priests, and an elaborate form of ceremonial worship, has through centuries maintained a firm hold upon the minds of the masses. Many religious rites and ceremonies have become social customs, inseparable from the real social life of the people. For one to abandon these is in a great measure to ostracize himself from his people. The reader must bear in mind that we are not discussing the principle of the employment of native workers, but simply stating some facts. We believe that Apostolic precedent and the tendency in modern missions are decidedly in favour of recruiting workers in the countries to be evangelized; and both the missionary and the Church at home must learn to have patience with them and to sympathize with the many difficulties that confront these men of God.

A few years ago a native colporteur, who was on his way to the State of Parahyba attempted during the voyage to do some Gospel work among the crew and second class passengers; but some of the officers and others on the vessel, who looked upon him as a despised apostate, bribed men to give a false testimony against him, causing his arrest and imprisonment on the ship's arrival at Pernambuco. A telegram was sent to the

chief of police in Rio de Janeiro, inquiring if the man was in the employ of such an institution as the American Bible Society. I gave full information as to the Society and its work, and also concerning the colporteur, upon the receipt of which an order was issued for his release. But before this was accomplished the vessel had sailed for other ports while the colporteur was left behind, losing his passage.

The city of Pernambuco, notwithstanding the efficient work done by the two men above referred to, is, like all the cities of Brazil, waiting for a systematic and thorough canvass by efficient colporteurs.

Another and in some respects more difficult problem to be solved was that of reaching the nearly 1,000,000 of inhabitants scattered through the entire province. The territory to be traversed is in width from north to south about 125 miles and in length from east to west about 635 miles. A number of towns and settlements along the sea-coast and the larger rivers may be reached by boats. Railroad enterprise has in recent years had some development, and there are now about 450 miles of road in operation, extending from the city by three main lines in different directions. The longest of these lines is not more than 165 miles, which is only about one-fourth of the entire length of the state. From these statements it will be readily seen that the colporteur in order to reach a very large section of the State with his

books must resort to the indispensable pack-mule, and, as the custom in that section is, go himself on foot.

Efforts to distribute the Scriptures and to preach the Gospel have revealed the fact that the people through the great interior of this state are among the most fanatical and violent in their opposition to the truth to be found anywhere in Brazil. History records that the Dutch were very cruel in their treatment of the Roman Catholic priests during the invasion; those residing in the conquered provinces were required to take the oath of fidelity, and those entering without a safe conduct were to be imprisoned. Finally the members of every monastic order were commanded to quit the Dutch possessions within a month, and repair to an island from whence they would be conveyed across the ocean.

When the Portuguese regained possession of that section, the Roman Catholics and their religious orders at once entered anew upon their work; they most naturally remembered with much hatred the cruelty of the Dutch, and took occasion to instill into the minds of their converts and followers a spirit of revenge towards the adherents of the Reformed religion. Nearly 250 years have passed since these sad scenes were enacted, but I think there can be no doubt that the Protestant efforts to circulate the Scriptures and to preach the Gospel in that region to-day encounter the consequences of a mistaken re-

ligious zeal, which in the one instance was characterized by cruelty, and in the other by vengeance.

The colporteurs have pushed the circulation of the Scriptures up and down the coast, along the railroads, and in many directions through the rural and remote districts. The missionaries co-operating with them and following up the interest awakened by the reading of the Word have preached in a number of places and have permanently established work in several towns and villages. These efforts have been carried on amid much opposition and at times violent persecution.

The party of three, to whose work in the city of Pernambuco, reference has been made, following instructions, made a journey into the northern part of the State; one of them wrote the following interesting account of their visit to two important towns: "On Monday we left early taking a big box of books and our helper, Manoel Alves, to try two of the largest and most fanatical towns in the interior of the State.

"We reached Timbauba at midday, and by two o'clock had obtained permission of the prefect and started work: we met no open opposition, but it was hard ground. We had a number of lively and interesting conversations in some of the principal stores, sometimes with quite an audience, and every time we came off more than conquerors. We left there Wednesday noon, having sold

170 books, seventy-three of which were Bibles and Testaments. We also left quite a number of persons convinced of the truth of the Word.

"Wednesday night we reached Limoeira, another good-sized town, said to be more fanatical than the other. Next morning we started selling without a license, as we could not see the authorities until nine o'clock. We had scarcely begun when an official met us with a warning not to sell until we obtained a license. So we stopped and Brother Glass went to see the authorities. They conferred with each other and put every thing they could in his way, but he would not be put off. Just then in came the official in a rage, saying that there were a whole lot of those fellows, and that they had already sold a number of books and they ought to be fined for it. The delegado took the list of articles, and after looking it over said that books were not included, so they could do nothing at all but let us go on selling.

"We put Sr. Manoel right into the principal part of the street, partly to see how he would 'stand fire,' as we were sure the opposition would be greatest there; this was his first real testing, and he stood it like true steel. Almost at once a crowd gathered, yelling and insulting him. They pinned cotton to his coat tails, told him that I had already been taken to prison, and insulted him in ways quite unmentionable, but he actually laughed them right out of their own game. He

went up to one old man, who was standing in front of his store hissing and yelling, and said, 'Well this is a fine spectacle; an old, gray-bearded man like you out here in the street yelling like a schoolboy.' The old fellow turned and slunk away inside.

"The mob evidently concluded that it was not worth while to follow a man who laughed at their insults, and let him go. Within a stone's throw of the place he sold three Testaments in one shop, and a little farther on a Bible, besides giving a good testimony of the truth of the books he had. All during the day he showed splendid courage and had splendid success.

"A few minutes later the same mob met me a little farther down the street and repeated the same thing. I was in a large store, and closing my bag of books I put it on top of a box behind me and turned and faced them. I just simply looked at them, praying inwardly to the Lord, and every time I caught the eye of one of them he turned away like a whipped dog. But the worst of them, a fellow who was leading a goat by a string tried several times to reanimate the crowd, but every time he failed. I never felt the power of the Lord so sensibly with me before.

"The crowd had gathered into groups of five or six about the store, and then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to talk very straight and plainly to them. I told them that I did not care for their insults, but I did pity their dense ignor-

ance. I told them that if they had ever read these books that I was offering, or if they knew anything about them, they would never think of doing such things as they were doing. I challenged them to go and bring the priests' Bible to compare with mine, but no one cared to do so. After a good talk about the Word and the reason of this propaganda, during which several of them were visible impressed, I left them, and there was no more demonstration at all.

"We sold twenty-three Bibles and Testaments and a goodly number of Gospels and would have sold more, but a number of people who really wanted the Bible were afraid to buy it because of the rabble. A few months ago a young man who had accepted the Gospel there had his room broken into by a mob and all his books and clothing destroyed. But the truth of God is at work, and we believe will triumph there as in so many other places."

One of our colporteurs went more recently to visit a town in the interior of the State and was offering his books to quite a number of persons who had gathered around him in the street. One of the number took two of the Bibles in his hand and the colporteur, supposing that he was going to examine them, went on talking to the others. Soon the man stepped up and handed him the two Bibles torn all to pieces, and said that he had been to the priest of the town to know if they were true and good books. The priest after look-

ing at them for a little while told him that they were bad books, and that every one of them ought to be treated as he was treating those two, as he continued tearing them to pieces. He sent the man back with them to the colporteur. Another priest, who is a representative from that district in the State Legislature, was present at the time and gave his sanction to the performance and to the advice to have the colporteur murdered. The priest told the man that the colporteur ought to be killed, and that it would not be a crime to put him to death. The crowd around was aroused, became excited, and it was with great difficulty that the colporteur escaped from the place alive.

Many more incidents of opposition and violence to the propagation of the Gospel in that State might be recorded, but these may suffice to give the reader some idea of what the labourers and the converts have to suffer for their Master's sake. It is gratifying, however, to record that the efforts thus far put forth have been fruitful of good results. Many have been converted to Christ and His love through the reading of the Word, and the missionaries and native workers have already gathered quite a number of interesting groups of believers in the city and throughout the neighbouring country. The great interior of the State, stretching back into the fertile valley of the San Francisco river, inhabited largely by a fanatical and ignorant people, absolutely under the control of a corres-

pondingly fanatical and ignorant priesthood, remains yet to be canvassed by the colporteurs and visited by the ministers of the Gospel. It will require much faith, zeal, and courage to do the work, and the workers will doubtless have to endure much opposition and persecution to evangelize these thousands.

At the time of my first visit to the city of Pernambuco I sent two colporteurs and an assistant to make the journey on horseback across the country to the city of Parahyba, the capital of the State of Parahyba, while I went in company with the Presbyterian missionaries and two native students for the ministry by train northward to Timbauba, a distance of about seventy miles, then by horseback twenty-five miles to Pilar. Returning we reached the village of Timbauba at one P. M., and after securing something to eat, I visited during the remaining hours of the day about fifty houses or rather huts. The ignorance and poverty prevailing were appalling. I succeeded in selling eight copies of the Scriptures, and talked with a few who showed some real interest to know the truth.

At the time of my visit a severe drought, such as is of frequent occurrence in that section, was prevailing throughout the State, and poverty and suffering abounded on every hand. Many refugees from the interior were gathered about the streets, and all who could obtain passage on the steamers were leaving for other parts along

the coast. The conditions were then most unfavourable for selling the Scriptures, but we were able to give a few copies to the poor. The two colporteurs who had been five days on the journey from Pernambuco reported that they had not sold a single copy, and a trip into the country round about Parahyba met with little success. I spent a few days in the city attending the Presbytery, at which there were present three missionaries, four native preachers and a few elders. I have never known personally a body of Christian workers labouring amid greater difficulties; but they gave evidence of heroic faith and zeal, and their reports showed that divine blessings were resting upon their efforts. In the midst of this poverty and wretchedness great sums of money were being extorted from the poor people by various devices, for the erection of a great church.

During the last ten years at different times our colporteurs have gone to offer the Word of God to the 600,000 souls composing the population of this State. They have laboured under great difficulties and encountered much opposition and at times violent persecution. One of them a few years ago was seized, beaten, and driven out of several interior towns, and at one time narrowly escaped death at the hands of enraged fanatics. At another place a priest seized a Bible from his hands and tore it to pieces in the presence of many witnesses; this was license for

them to fall upon the poor fellow, and he fared badly for awhile at their hands. Finally he appealed to the Vice-Governor of the State, from whom, because of his intimate relation with the priest, he received no sympathy and little protection. A few of the Bibles scattered from time to time throughout the State have been read. The Presbyterian workers with heroic devotion and untiring zeal have followed up the work, and their efforts have been greatly blessed of God, and in addition to the church in this city with 100 members, the work has been organized in other places and there are regular services at more than ten points throughout the State. The pioneer work was done in a large measure by the colporteurs and their Bibles as all the workers delight to testify.

From that point I sent one of the colporteurs through the country on horse-back, crossing the States of Pernambuco, and Alagoas, to his home in the State of Sergipe. He reported better success on the return trip than he had met with in coming over. In company with a second colporteur I embarked on a small coasting vessel for the north, and after a stormy night we entered the port of Natal in the province of Rio Grande do Norte early in the morning. This city is located on a river about two miles from the seacoast. The entrance is through a narrow and dangerous passage in the coral reef, which extends from Pernambuco to Ceara. Shortly after our arrival

we had a season of prayer together, and then went to visit the city authorities for the purpose of obtaining permission to circulate our books. They were kind and interposed no objections. In a few hours I sold ten copies and the colporteur eleven. The people seemed more favourably disposed toward the Gospel than we had found them in the neighbouring province and we met with very little opposition while we remained there. I obtained the use of the theatre and on a Sunday afternoon preached to a large and attentive audience. One young girl heard the preaching, was deeply impressed, began to search after the truth, and is now a teacher in one of the mission schools in Rio de Janeiro, and an active worker in the church.

The colporteurs have visited this city of about 12,000 inhabitants and extended the work through the State. To record incidents of their experiences would be to repeat in a large measure what has been said of the work in Pernambuco and Parahyba.

The Presbyterians following up the interest awakened by the reading of the Bible have established a very prosperous mission in the city, and are extending the work to other parts. The Bible and evangelistic work seem to have made a deep impression upon the people generally. I was recently making a voyage with an ex-Governor of the State, who is now a prominent Senator in the Federal Government. Having learned that

I was travelling in the interest of the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, he of his own accord sought an interview with me, and took occasion to assure me that he had been reading the Bible for some time, that he did not hesitate to declare publicly that he was no longer a Roman Catholic. I found him to be in the position of many in Brazil; they are reading the Bible, have discovered that the Roman Church, which they have been taught to regard as a great mystery and as possessing all truth, is not what it claims to be. But it is so interwoven into the social and political life and customs of the country that they find it most difficult to break away entirely from all its practices. Then too the Protestant movement is so small and so despised by the masses of the people that men of position and political ambitions are often unwilling to sacrifice their interests for the time being and subject themselves to that social ostracism which they must suffer in order to take a positive and public stand on the side of the evangelical cause. The circulation and reading of the Bible is producing all over the country a marvellous change in the intellectual attitude of thousands towards the Roman Catholic Church and the real truth of Christianity. What is greatly needed is a deeper work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men that they may be truly converted and regenerated.

A few years ago a young man, Sr. Antonio Marques, went from this province to Pernam-

buco where he became interested in the Gospel, was converted, came to Rio, into the office of the Bible Society, and asked me to direct him to some place where he could get employment. I was impressed with his spirit and sent him at once into the streets to sell Bibles: shortly thereafter he made the long journey with me which is recorded in chapter four. On this journey he gave most decided evidence of having a call to the ministry. I interested friends in him: he studied for awhile in the Granbery College at Juiz de Fora, and afterwards went to London for a time. He is now a successful minister of the Gospel.

After finishing our work in and about Natal we rowed out in a small boat through the narrow passage in the coral reef to take shipping in a large vessel that stood in the open sea. The sea was very rough and it was with great difficulty that we succeeded in getting on board. We very soon began a canvass of the ship's passengers and crew, and sold several copies of the Scriptures. Among the passengers was a Christian gentleman, Mr. Crenshaw, a flour merchant from Richmond, Virginia, who showed much interest in our Bible work. Before we parted he gave me a contribution with which to make a gratuitous distribution of Scriptures to persons who might be too poor to buy. The distribution requested was made, and the fruits of the reading have been gathered in several instances of per-

sons in the States of Ceara, Piauhy, and Maranhao who have come to the light and united with the Presbyterian churches through that section.

The next State visited on the coast was Ceara. Forteleza, the capital, a progressive city of about 40,000 inhabitants, is located on a slightly elevated plain which is reached by a gradual ascent from the ocean's edge. For several years the Rev. D. L. Wardlaw, a Presbyterian missionary, had a small book store on a much frequented street, in the city, and our Bibles were all the time prominently kept on sale. In this way many copies of the Word have gone into the hands of the people, and the Bible has been well advertised and the workers have been diligent in following up the work of the colporteurs as far as they have been able. Many interesting incidents of the work here might be related, but I must tell the reader of a blind man, who heard the Gospel and was converted. He would then go out every day with a New Testament and sit or stand on the street corners with it open in his hand, passing his finger over the page as if reading. This would attract the attention of persons passing by, and when they stopped to inquire what he was doing, he would say, just see what a beautiful passage from God's Word. In this way he interested many in the Gospel, directing them to the store where they might buy Bibles, or to the church where they might hear the preaching of the truth.

On the voyage from Forteleza to Maranhão, my next port of disembarking, one of our fellow passengers was a Roman Catholic priest, who had been for several years a missionary among the Indians in the southern interior of Brazil and was then on his way to the Amazon valley to take up mission work. As we went about the ship offering the Scriptures to the passengers and the crew, he discovered the nature of our mission and began at once to oppose it in strongest terms. Some were influenced by him not to buy, while his opposition, I think, inspired others with a desire to know what there was in this book to so enrage the priest against us. At the dinner table his language became very offensive and his conduct disgusting, until the captain, who sat at the head of the table, reproved him, and finally told him that if he did not cease using offensive and insulting language he would be prohibited from coming to the table with the other passengers. My heart was so deeply moved for this poor deceived man, that I sought him out alone on deck that night and tried by the help of the Holy Spirit to show him the way of salvation. He finally became serious, and when we parted late at night for sleep he asked me to let him keep my New Testament until morning. The next morning when I went up on deck the first sight to greet my eyes was the priest reading the Testament. He confessed that he had never read the Sacred Scriptures in Portu-

guese, and that he had never before seen or heard of the translation that I had. He became so deeply interested that I gave him a Bible. In a few hours thereafter I left the ship, but had occasion to return on board before she left the port, and there sat the priest absorbed in his Bible. A passenger told me that he had been reading for several hours. It is rarely the case that we can induce a priest to examine or read the Scriptures.

Maranhão, or São Luis was the next point after Ceara at which we stopped for work. About half of the capital cities in Brazil are most commonly called by the name of the State, though their legal names are different. For instance, one seldom hears the name city of Sao Salvador, but it is always Bahia: scarcely any one speaks of Recife, but always Pernambuco. São Luis is thus the capital of the State of Maranhão. Founded about 1612 by a Frenchman who named it in honour of Luis XIII., it was formally called the "Athens of Brazil," and notwithstanding the signs of decay and lack of modern enterprise, has still an air of refinement and culture.

In all our plans and work for colportage in this State and the neighbouring State of Piauhv, we were greatly aided by Dr. G. W. Butler, the Presbyterian missionary stationed at this point. In no section of the country has our Bible work for the last twelve years been more strongly



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supported and helped forward by the missionaries than in these two States: indeed much of the time it has been almost if not entirely under their supervision, and they and their helpers have taken an active part in circulating the Word. From the city of São Luis the Bibles have gone out in every direction through the country and along the rivers and the sea coast.

The following incident well illustrates the difficulties under which persons in this country sometimes read the Bible, and the power it has over their lives. A short time before I started on this journey to the north a young man in Rio de Janeiro, who was at one time my Portuguese teacher, was dying of consumption. I visited him several times during his illness, and he gave very satisfactory evidence of being at peace with Jesus. He had told me that his mother lived in Maranhão, and that she was a Christian, that she had read the Bible and had taught it to him at times, and now in his last hours he was appropriating to his own comfort and eternal peace what he had learned from his mother. A day or two after I arrived in the city the mother, Dona Balbina Duarte, called on me to learn something more of her son's last illness and death. She was in great distress of mind, having had no definite information about his death, and not knowing that he had departed trusting in Christ. She was much comforted in the messages I gave her: and when I referred to

his faith in the truths of the Bible, which he had learned from her several years before, she wept for joy. She then told me that she had bought a Bible from one of our colporteurs, and as soon as her husband knew that she had it he forbade her to read it. She became so much interested that she would hide it away while he was about the house, and then when he was out she would read it. He learned from the servants and the children that she was reading the book, and several times treated her very roughly and beat her for disobeying his prohibition. She then conceived the idea of reading it at night while all were asleep. To do this she would hide her Bible, a box of matches, and a candle cut into small pieces under her pillow. After all the household was soundly asleep she would light one of the bits of candle and hold it closely down by her side that the light might not shine across her body and disturb her sleeping husband, and thus she would seek out of God's Book his messages for her soul. If her husband seemed to stir out of his slumber or move she would quickly blow out the candle and lie perfectly quiet as if soundly asleep. She told me that she had thus spent many a night. Now she rejoiced, not only that she had found Jesus precious in her own soul's salvation, but moreover that she had been able to teach her eldest son sufficient of the truth to lead him to Christ. She sorrowed that he was dead, but praised God for the testimony

of his faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. There are many throughout this land of the Southern Cross who are under similar circumstances searching after the knowledge of God, and who are endeavouring to communicate the new-found truth to others about them. Other children of this godly woman have grown into beautiful Christian characters, and are bringing up their families in the knowledge and fear of God.

From the city of Therezina in Piauhy the supplies of Scriptures, that I sent forward during my stay in Maranhão and afterwards, have been scattered through the city and the country round about. Shortly after the colporteur's arrival in that city he reported to me that there was great poverty in that section in consequence of the drought that had extended through from Ceara. In view of Mr. Crenshaw's contribution, to which reference was made above, I wrote authorizing him to make a free distribution of Scriptures according to his own judgment to some of those too poor to buy, who might be able to read. He went on a journey up the river, where many of the sufferers had gathered along its banks to sustain life by means of the little water that remained. A few years later a missionary was exploring that interior country and discovered that one of those Bibles had gone a distance of about 120 miles further inland: the man who carried it with him had read it, and through its

teaching he had found Christ as his Saviour. He had also been instrumental in teaching a number of others the way of salvation, and they were begging for some one to come and teach them the way of God more perfectly. The liberality of one man in making the contribution abounded unto the salvation of many.

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The Amazon

PARÁ—RIVER TOWNS—THE INDIANS.

OCTOBER 15th I embarked on the U. S. steamship "Alliança" at Maranhão for Pará. On board I met General H. Clay Armstrong, of Auburn, Ala., who had been United States Consul at Rio de Janeiro for four years, during which time he had been a hearty supporter of the English-speaking congregation at the Methodist Church in Rio: indeed he was a warm friend of all the missionaries and their work. By his deportment, fidelity to business, and upright walk he won the esteem of all who knew him. A title of high honor was conferred upon him and upon the United States Minister for the same period, Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, by the Emperor of Brazil. Mr. Jarvis was also a hearty supporter of the work in Rio, and a friend to mission work, giving liberally and encouraging the work of the Gospel.

The city of Pará, or properly speaking, Belem, is the most northerly city of Brazil, and is located on the eastern bank of the Guajarabay, or as

many say on the south side of the Pará river, about eighty miles from the ocean, so that only in a general way can it be described as at the mouth of the Amazon.

The population at the time of my first visit was about 80,000, but it has since grown to about 100,000. The central streets are narrow but well paved with stone and lighted with gas. It is humid and warm during the day, though the nights and mornings are pleasant. During the summer it rains almost every afternoon, and in the winter at all hours of the day. Once while I was there it did not rain for two successive days and the people began to complain of the heat and to remark how dry it was getting. In the suburbs there are many beautiful and commodious residences, and the city is fairly well served with a system of street cars. There is but one railroad from the city, with an extension of less than fifty miles, but the facilities for steamboat navigation are almost unlimited. The main stream of the Amazon alone is navigable for 2,500 miles and the territory drained by this wonderful system is about 4,200,000 square kilometers, or half the entire territory of Brazil.

After a careful study of the situation I estimated that less than 750,000 of the inhabitants of the two Provinces of Para and Amazonas could easily be reached by the colporteurs from this point. These are found largely in cities, villages, and settlements along the banks of the rivers and

at the most liberal estimate not more than 200,000 of them can read and write.

To get a further insight into the conditions for Bible work I made an excursion over the railroad above referred to, which extends mostly through the dense forest, with here and there a settlement or village. The town of Bragança, the terminus of the road, which gives the name to the line, has a population of about 10,000 inhabitants. I sold on this short trip twenty-five copies of the Word and preached once at the station of Benevedes to a good congregation gathered in the house of a believer, who had recently moved out from the city of Pará.

Here I had my first experience of the great Pará forest with its trees, many of them one hundred feet in height, with trunks four or five feet in diameter; the vast quantity and quality of plant-life, struggling in a dense mass upward for light, sun and air; the orchids, lichens, and vines, many of them sending their roots down a hundred feet to the ground, at the bases of the trees upon which they thrive; the parasitic plants whose foliage towers above and is greater than that of the trees which they have scaled, the luxuriant llanos continually reminding one of the rigging of a great ship; while the surface of the ground was covered with a tangle of creepers and trunks, and decaying vegetation of all kinds. "The tropical forest is not only grand and solemn, it is also graceful and beautiful."

The well-known American botanist, Mr. E. S. Rand, at the time of my visit had been living for a number of years in Pará, gathering his notable collection of orchids, with more than 20,000 specimens of 800 species, and almost endless varieties, said to be the third largest collection then known to botanists.

Pará is the commercial centre of the rubber traffic, the chief industry of the Amazon valley. The yearly exportation of the crude material from this section amounts to some 40,000,000 pounds. Since the city of Manáos, a thousand miles up the river in the State of Amazonas has been made a port of entry, ocean steamers load the rubber from that point and this has lessened the exports from Pará. Other products that figure in the exports are Brazil nuts and cacao, the bean from which chocolate is made.

This commercial intercourse of Pará with the outer world, the presence of foreign merchants, traders, bankers, the coming of foreign vessels, has had in some measure a liberalizing influence over the people, though the efforts to circulate the Bible and to preach the Gospel have met with the opposition and persecution so common in other parts of the country. Besides the cities of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo there is perhaps no other in Brazil in which so large a number of Bibles has been distributed in proportion to the population. Frequent consignments have been made direct from New York, and we have shipped large



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quantities there from Rio, and occasionally supplies have gone direct from London. Colporteurs have in part done the work of distribution, and the missionaries residing there have also been very active in circulating the Word. The oldest of the missions is that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, established and still served by the Rev. Justus H. Nelson. An independent Baptist missionary, the Rev. E. A. Nelson, has also been very active in Bible distribution and in evangelistic work; indeed there is no missionary in Brazil who, in the same length of time, has put into circulation so many copies of the Holy Scriptures. At one time he wrote direct to New York, "Mr. Tucker sent us from Rio de Janeiro about 500 Bibles, but they are all about gone, and I am writing to ask for more. A Brazilian brother who has been working for us has succeeded splendidly. I went up the river to Santarem and in thirty days sold all the volumes of Scriptures I took with me, 539 copies." One notable feature of his work has been the number of Hebrew Bibles sold, and latterly a number of Hebrew New Testaments. About the city of Pará and on the Xingú river quite a number of Jews have gathered, who have been the purchasers of these Scriptures. Each of the missionaries above referred to have extended their work to Manáos and other points in this great valley.

After having studied the field and the conditions as best I could in Pará for some days, I

started on a journey up the Amazon as far as Manáos. The ride on one of the steamers of the Amazon Navigation company through the channels and among the islands until we entered the Amazon proper was very interesting and the scenery at times picturesque, with its small round islands of green; the tall trees and thick undergrowth; with its network of vines and parasites; the border of lilies and other aquatic plants; the monkeys playing among the branches and vines, and occasionally a huge snake exposed to view on the limb of a tree, while many birds of brilliant plumage were flying from island to island. Now and then we saw a few huts and small spots of land under cultivation; again we saw the rubber gatherers with ax and tins making their way into the forest to tap the trees and gather the milk to be boiled for transportation. Turning from the scenery to my Bible work I made a canvass of the boat's passengers and crew, with the result of the sale of a number of copies of the Scriptures. There was considerable reading and discussion on board that day, and the next day some who had refused copies were induced to buy, as they saw how deeply interested and delighted others were with what they had read. The second day out we were on the broad Amazon, seemingly at times a real sea of fresh water. As we steamed up the river we called at an occasional village or country settlement. Each opportunity was improved to offer the Scriptures, and a number of

copies were disposed of along the way. When near the banks of the river the large turtles and alligators attracted much attention. After three days we reached the town of Santarem, at the mouth of the Tapajoz river, about 500 miles from Pará. There I found a number of American settlers, who had come to this country several years ago from the United States and was given a warm welcome to the hospitable home of the Rev. R. T. Hennington. One of the first to visit me was Dr. J. Pitts, son of the Rev. F. E. Pitts, formerly of the Methodist Church in Tennessee, who made a missionary exploration tour to this country in the year 1836. Another with whom I had most delightful conversation and fellowship was the son of a Presbyterian minister in the State of Pennsylvania, and still another was the brother of Rev. F. E. P. Jennings of Arkansas. All these and still others among them showed a deep interest in my Bible work. Dr. Pitts offered his house for preaching, and for seven successive nights I spoke to large and attentive audiences, composed largely of Brazilians. The interest grew from day to day, and I sold many copies of the Word. When the Roman Catholic priest of the town knew that I was about ready to leave he waked up and began most vigorously to warn the people against reading the false Bibles; told them that they must burn many fireworks to drive away the devil and purify the air of the lies that I had preached. He urged them

to make confession and do penance for having attended the preaching. When I was safely on board the steamer that was to take me about another 500 miles up the river, and the whistle blew for us to steam away, he and a few of his followers came out in front of the church, which occupied a prominent site overlooking the river, and sent up over my head such a volume of fireworks as I have never seen and heard on so insignificant an occasion in the daytime. On my return a few weeks later I was told that he remarked to the people, after it was all over, that then they could all go home in peace; the devil was gone and the lies he preached had been burned up, and that they must destroy all those false Bibles. Scarcely any who had attended the preaching and bought Bibles took part in this send-off that he gave me. Many gave evidence of having been deeply impressed by the truth preached, and I left with them thirty-four copies of the Scripture.

From Santarem to Manáos we had a very pleasant voyage. To the passengers and crew, and at the ports where we called, I availed myself of the opportunities to offer the Scriptures, and a number of persons bought copies. One of the engineers of the vessel was a Wesleyan local preacher from Trinidad, West Indies. He became much interested in our work, and kindly offered to take some copies with him for distribution on their journey of more than fifteen hundred miles up the Madeira river. The forty

copies sent by him may prove the beginning of a good work reaching towards the Andes. This brother had been for seven months in the employ of the navigation company. On this trip I was thus enabled to send a few copies of the Scriptures many hundreds of miles up three of the large tributaries of the Amazon.

The time on board passed very pleasantly; when not engaged in conversation and efforts to induce some person to buy the Scriptures I was reading or enjoying a rest in my hammock on the deck, interested in the wonders of nature that abound along the banks of the river. At Santarem one day my attention was attracted by the screams of a number of boys in the river who were running for the shore. A large alligator had attacked them while they were in bathing. The men ran down and finally succeeded in shooting his eyes out, and then harpooning him, brought him to shore. He was thirteen feet two inches long, and measured four feet four inches around the body; his mouth was one foot four inches in length and one foot in width.

At night I usually slept in a hammock on the deck. During the three months spent in northern Brazil and on the Amazon I slept very few nights on a bed. In many houses there were no beds, the hammock being in general use.

I spent a week in and about the city of Manáos, which is located at the mouth of the Rio Negro. It had then a population of about 14,000 inhabit-

ants, but there were then many signs of coming prosperity and the population has since grown to more than 40,000.

A study of the situation convinced me that Bible distribution in the State of Amazonas must be mainly along the rivers. I had good sales in the city, preached a number of times, and had profitable interviews about the work and the prospects with a missionary, who was at that time one of the Bishop Taylor self-supporting men. This city has since been visited several times by our colporteurs and others who have sold many copies of the Word. The missionaries have followed up the work in a measure, which has given good results, especially in the city.

One of the chief sections of the country inhabited by the wild Indians is the great interior highlands and the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries. Much of this territory has never been explored and no one knows how many souls there are waiting yet to be Christianized and civilized. Persons who have been among some of the tribes and over parts of the country, estimate them at from four hundred thousand to two millions. Judging from the extent of the territory and some facts given recently by German explorers, a reasonable estimate of the number of Indians throughout all Brazil would be nearly a million and a half. These explorers reported the discovery of seven new tribes of peaceable and industrious Indians in the hitherto unexplored

valley of the Xingú River. If all the unknown regions were carefully explored it might be revealed that we have even more than a million of "dusky relatives" in these wilds who have never yet seen the light or felt the influences of Christianity and modern civilization.

The Government of Brazil through the Roman Catholic Church has made some effort to civilize and catechize some of the tribes on the borders of civilization. Such are the systems and methods, however, that it remains a question with many whether more harm than real good has not been done from a moral and religious standpoint. Certainly many of the vices and immoralities of the coast cities and towns have been introduced among these tribes along with the efforts at catechizing and civilizing them. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the greater part of these people know nothing of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. They never use the word Father in connection with their deities, but always Mother—Mother of the living, Mother of vegetable life, Mother of reproduction and thus the Mariolatry of Rome, Mother of God, found an easy introduction. They seem to have no conception of Satan; their gods may be displeased and consequently punish them. There are evidences that they believe in immortality. When a corpse is buried they deposit pots containing food; the arms of the dead also accompany him (the bow

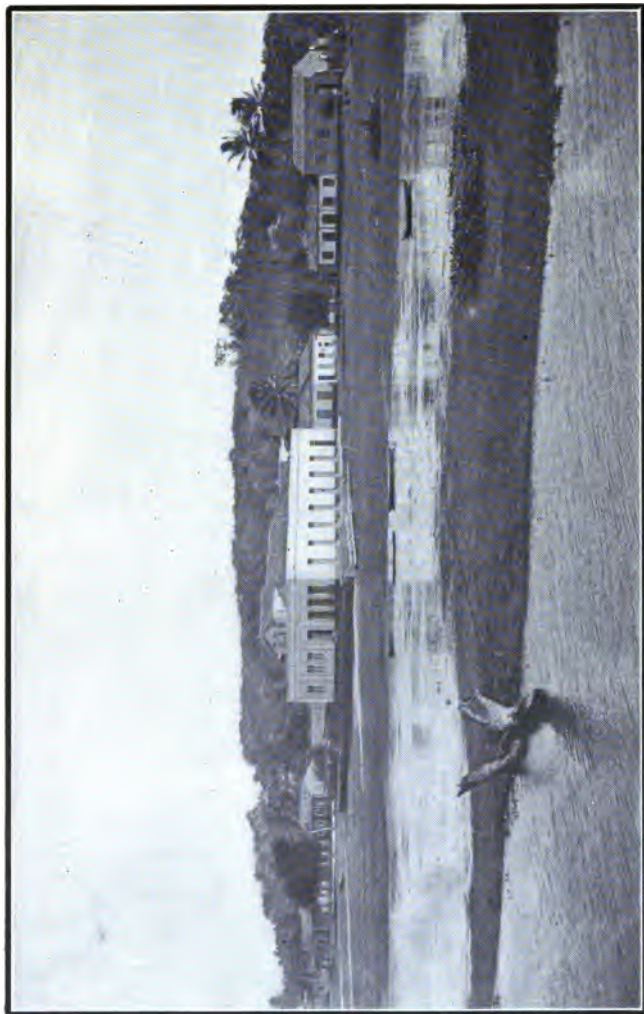
and arrow and such like) that he may provide himself with game. In the valley of the Amazon some tribes bury their dead in their huts, with the hope that while they are asleep they may be visited by the spirits of those who loved them. These facts and others go to prove that they have some faint ideas of a future life; but far from the Christian's knowledge and hope of a blessed immortality. I was told that many of those who had been taught to work were bought and sold by the rubber-gatherers and others negotiating in that country just as the African slaves used to be. One man said to me that he had seven Indian boys employed on a small boat on a trip up one of the rivers and was offered about \$150 apiece for them.

The thought of continuing my journey on up the Amazon into the wilds among these red men was enticing. I was now about 1,000 miles from the seacoast, and another 1,500 miles and more of navigation was possible, but my supply of books was nearly exhausted, and besides it was time for me to start on my return voyage of 3,253 miles to Rio de Janeiro, where the monthly reports of colportage work were to be made out and forwarded to New York, supplies of money and books to be sent to the colporteurs, supplies ordered from abroad, and other correspondence attended to. The voyage down stream to Pará was made in much less time than the one up to

Manáos. Just as I was ready in Pará to embark for Rio de Janeiro a telegram was received announcing the overthrow of the Monarchy, the banishment of the Imperial family, and the establishment of a provisional form of Republican Government. I witnessed the entrance of the Provisional Governor into the state palace and the going out of the Monarchical President of the Province. There was considerable excitement, but no violence. The change was made with some ceremony as though it had all been prearranged and agreed to by both parties. We took the ex-President of the Province and gathered up others along the coast together with their families, servants, monkeys, parrots, etc. on board our ship bound for Rio. One of these ex-Presidents remarked to me that he had been sent by the Emperor as President of the Province, and that he was a Monarchist at that time, but when the telegram came announcing the Republic he became at once a Republican, (*fiquei republicano*). There were many who thus easily and quickly changed from the position of loyal monarchists to that of staunch republicans. It was the boast of all that the overthrow was accomplished without the shedding of blood.

I left thus several hundreds of copies of the Scriptures scattered through the north of Brazil, picked up twenty-two letters awaiting me at Pará and started to Rio with a purpose and plan

to push forward the circulation of the Scriptures along the lines mapped out in my study of the situation. Something has been done in the twelve years since that time, but by no means all that I have desired.



ON THE AMAZON.

U. S. N. A.

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XI

São Paulo

FIRST COLLEGE IN BRAZIL—ANCHIETA—M'KENZIE
COLLEGE—ITALIAN COLONISTS.

THE State of São Paulo is about ninety-five leagues wide from north to south and 170 from east to west, and has an area of 299,876 square kilometers. The greater part of it is elevated, but not mountainous except in the south-east. The climate is in general temperate and agreeable, and, except in the lowlands near the seacoast very healthy. The soil is rich and productive and besides an excellent quality of native timbers, produces many European plants, but the great agricultural products are coffee, sugar, cotton, tea, rice and corn. Cattle, horses, mules and swine form important items in the trade of the State. Minerals of various kinds exist in different sections, though the mining interests are not well developed. Except Rio de Janeiro, this is the best served with railroads of any State in the Republic. The finest railway in the country is that under English management, running from Santos on the seacoast to Jundiahy through the city of São Paulo. At this point it connects

with the Paulista, going on to Campinas, and the interior.

In many respects this is the most advanced State in the Republic; and while much of this advancement is due to natural conditions the character of the early settlers has had great influence. The Paulistas, as they are known, are descended from European colonists. These early inhabitants were bold, enterprising adventurers who thought no hardship or toil too great to be endured in their search for gold and slaves and later generations have inherited something of this spirit. The early educational efforts of the Jesuits have also been a factor in the development of the people.

The first college in Brazil was established in 1583 by Nobrega, the chief of the Jesuits, on the plains of Piratininga. As the first mass was celebrated on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, they gave the college his name. The spot has become famous in Brazilian history, and both the city and the State have the name of São Paulo. One of the first teachers was the famous Anchieta, who taught the savages Latin, and learned from them their language. As there were no books he wrote for each one his lesson on a separate sheet. He composed a vocabulary and a grammar of the dialect of these natives, parodied into hymns in Portuguese many of their profane songs, and devised terms for teaching them the principles of the Catholic faith. Had

the basal principles of this remarkable and heroic teacher been chosen in accord with the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, the intellectual, moral and religious condition of Brazil to-day would doubtless be vastly better than it is. There can be no doubt, however, that this early movement exercised a most beneficial influence over the social system of Brazil, especially in the life and character of the Paulistas.

The capital of the State, distant from Rio by rail about 300 miles, may also be reached by taking steamer down the coast to Santos and from there by rail. On an October morning of 1890 in company with a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. J. B. Rodgers, now in Manila, and a colporteur, Sr. André Cayret, I started on the coast trip. To save time we took train to Santa Cruz on the Central and then went across the country on a small tram car to the seacoast where we anticipated catching a steam launch which would land us at the village of Mangaritiba in time for the coasting steamer. We were, however just one hour too late, and after a short time spent in Bible work among the fishermen at that village, we engaged a canoe to take us to Mangaritiba, on the chance of finding the steamer. For an hour and a half we made good speed; then a calm set in and our men had to take the oars, a novel and not especially pleasing ocean experience. We had failed to supply ourselves with provisions after breakfasting at 10:30 and

were not prepared to appreciate the disappointment when at eight o'clock at night, after seven hours of tossing on the waves, we landed and were informed that there was nothing like a hotel in the village, and that no one could furnish us anything to eat at that hour of the night. After considerable effort we succeeded in obtaining permission from one of the fishermen to occupy a small room in his mud-hut. The only thing in the shape of a bed in the room was half a dozen poles placed upon a piece of wood stuck into the wall and resting in a fork driven into the ground, the mattress being a kind of mat made of coarse grass and reeds plaited together, and the covering a thin spread. One of us took the bed, and the other two tried to sleep on a similar mat spread on the very uneven dirt floor. It was hard work, but the next morning we ate heartily of a breakfast prepared by the fisherman's wife, sold quite a number of Scriptures in the village, and engaged boatmen to take us on down the coast to the town of Angra dos Reis, as our steamer had gone. At 9:30 A. M. we rowed out to sea and from then until 6 P. M. we were tossed about by the heavy swells. The colporteur suggested singing as a remedy for sea-sickness; we got out our Portuguese hymn books and did our best for awhile, and there seemed for a little to be some virtue in the remedy, but at last it was of no avail. Whether the difficulty was in the

inefficiency of the remedy or in our ability to keep up the singing, I leave the reader to say.

We spent five days in the town of Angra dos Reis where we made good sales of Scriptures and preached several times to audiences of 400 or 500 persons in the theatre. From there we ran down by steamer to the town of Ubatuba, with a population of a few thousands and found a very interesting congregation of about seventy-five members who had bought a house and modelled it into a church. A Bible had been left there on a colporteur's visit; someone became interested in reading it; he heard of a missionary who was being persecuted and driven out of a town not far away, sent for him to come and preach in his town, was converted and opened his house for worship. By and by a church was organized and truly it might have been designated as the "church that was in Faustino's house." We visited two members, who were respectively ninety and eighty-three years of age. They had enjoyed the knowledge of the Gospel only a few years, but were full of joy and hope. On entering the house of the jailer, one of the first things to greet my eyes was his Bible, hymn book, and other religious works in the oratory where once he had kept the images that he so devoutly worshipped. The Bible entered and drove out the idols.

On another occasion I made the voyage from

Rio to Santos and began work from that point. In recent years, this has become a very important port and at several different times there has been tentative evangelical work. Now there is a movement which promises to be more lasting. I was warmly welcomed by Mr. William Porter, manager of the coffee house of Hard, Rand & Co., and comfortably entertained by him and his Christian family. If all American business men and their families residing abroad were devoted servants of God, they would be a mighty influence and an incalculable blessing to the missionaries and their work. I preached in their house and he opened his offices in the city where I preached in Portuguese to a goodly number of Brazilians. A small contribution box kept in the family was opened on Sunday and their offering, amounting to about ten dollars, was given to me for the Bible work. The city is noted for its wickedness and religious indifference, and my friends thought I had a zeal without knowledge when they saw the size of the box of Scriptures I was confidently expecting to dispose of during my short stay. I sold thirty-six copies one day, eight copies in about two hours another morning, and so on until my supply was all gone. During these years our colporteurs have frequently visited Santos and have generally sold a number of Bibles. The seed has been sown and we shall hope to see some day a large harvest of souls gathered from that field.

After leaving Santos the railroad runs over a swampy and almost unpopulated country for a distance of thirteen and a half miles to the foot of the Serra, then climbs a deep mountain gorge, ascending 2,600 feet in five miles, by means of four stationary engines, placed at intervals of a mile and a quarter. The scenery is majestic and wild, one ravine more gloomy than the rest, being called the Boca do Inferno (Mouth of Hell).

At the time of my first visit the city of São Paulo had a population of about 65,000. The increase for the last ten years has been phenomenal and the census of 1900 gives the entire municipality a population of more than 250,000. Modern improvements, enterprise, and educational developments have in a measure kept pace with the growth of the population and made it more like a modern European or American city than any city in Brazil. The city has always played an important and leading part in the history and development of the country, and the Paulistas have always been among the most prominent of Brazil's leading statesmen, educators, agriculturists, and merchants. They are sociable, intelligent, and more kindly disposed toward the investment and development of foreign capital and enterprise than the people have been in other sections of the country. Foreigners have not been slow to recognize the natural resources and advantages possessed by this province. They have generally been kindly received and their in-

fluence has done much socially, commercially and politically for the advancement of the people. Protestant missionaries have been less kindly welcomed than any others; but the value of their work is now being appreciated and the Protestant element is becoming a recognized and highly appreciated factor in the intellectual and religious life of the people.

The early missionaries recognized the advantages offered for establishing their cause in this centre; and their work has prospered from the beginning. The most thoroughly equipped Protestant educational institution in the Republic is the American school and McKenzie College of the Presbyterian Church, with a charter from the University of New York, presided over by Dr. Horace Lane. The native self-supporting churches have reached a very gratifying degree of development from this point and are spreading the Gospel throughout the State. Some of the more important centres being Campinas, Piracicaba and Botucatú. The Methodists have likewise a prosperous congregation, but for lack of a proper church building, their growth is being greatly retarded. The Baptists have more recently begun work also in the city. These all take an active part in Bible distribution. This is the most highly favoured of all the States as regards the distribution of Christian forces, having by far the largest number of missionaries and native workers, and being the centre of more educational

work than has yet been done in any other State. All these labourers have during these years most heartily cooperated with the Bible agent and colporteurs, have followed up the fields sown by them, gathering up the fruits, and bearing witness to the value of Bible distribution and the power of the Written Word to enlighten and lead souls to Christ.

The editor of one of the Missionary journals in the United States not long since wrote: "Among the many evidences of direct divine interposition in the evangelization of Brazil, there are none more noticeable than the almost miraculous results attending the simple reading of the Bible, without note or comment. There are scores of cases on record of individuals converted by the perusal of copies of the Scriptures which had come into their possession, and several of our important churches had their origin in the conversion of individuals by the unaided study of the Bible and their subsequent reading of the same to their relatives and neighbours, until whole neighbourhoods had accepted the Gospel before ever hearing or seeing a Protestant preacher."

The following is a case in point, similar to many others which have from time to time appeared in our missionary magazines:

A member of the church in São Paulo had a brother who was a seller of lottery tickets and annually canvassed large sections of the country on horseback, going from house to house with his

wares. Before he started out on one of his journeys, his sister, with a prayer for God's blessing, put a copy of the Bible in his saddlebags. It remained unnoticed for some time until, being storm-stayed for some days at a plantation-house he brought it out, and as a matter of curiosity showed it to his hostess. As soon as the lady had glanced over its pages she became deeply interested in it, and said, "Why, this is just the book that I have been longing for for years." She not only read it eagerly herself, but kept calling the attention of other members of the family to passages which she thought especially beautiful or important. Finally she began to ask the owner for some explanation. He, however, replied that he did not belong to that religion, and did not pretend to understand it, but that his sister who had given him the Bible did. "Then I will send at once for your sister to come and teach us about this new religion," she replied, and accordingly addressed a letter to the sister urging her to come and explain to them this new and strange book, signing herself, "Your sister in the Gospel."

The lady went as was requested, and upon her arrival was delighted and embarrassed to find more than sixty people gathered in the large dining-room of the plantation-house to hear her explain the Gospel. She did the best she could for two or three nights, and then wrote to her pastor that he must come at once or send some one

to preach to the people. A young native preacher was sent, and he conducted services for several successive nights with large and most attentive audiences. The result was the organization of a Presbyterian church, which now bears the name of Itatiba, and numbers fifty communicants. The young man who introduced the Bible into that community also became converted, and he has been for years a most faithful and successful colporteur, selling hundreds of Bibles and penetrating in many cases far into the interior where no minister or missionary has ever been.

Little nuclei of Christian believers have thus been established all over the country, in the most unexpected places, and naturally without any reference to the location of the organized churches or settled pastors.

The wife of a missionary writes thus of what one copy of the New Testament accomplished: "Some years ago, Rangel visited Santa Cruz do Rio Pardo, but found no one desirous of possessing the Word of God. After much persuasion he induced one woman to buy a New Testament. He offered some tracts to the husband, who would have refused, but the wife urged him to take them, so as not to seem rude. This woman after a few months, found the Saviour, but the man continued indifferent, refusing to read the Bible. One day, as she was sitting in her hammock, reading her Testament, her husband came and sat down by her. She read aloud for awhile,

and then, saying that she must go to see about something, handed him the book. She went to her room, and remained there, pleading for his conversion, while he continued reading for several hours, declaring as he closed the book, that he was convinced, and, as his after life showed, converted.

"This man—a self-taught physician—had, on account of his intelligence, good judgment, and pleasing manners, long been one of the most influential men of the community. After his conversion, whenever called to visit a sick person, he would, before inquiring into the symptoms, first read a chapter of the Bible, saying that it was important to cure the soul before doing anything for the body, and that Christ was the great physician of the body, as well as of the soul. Since following his system he has had remarkable success in the treatment of all kinds of disease.

"The daily testimony of this man and his wife, together with their earnest efforts to spread the knowledge of the Gospel, resulted in the establishment of a church, of which the first thirty-nine members were gathered within two years. In 1889, the membership was seventy-one. In one trip through the district in which this church lies, Sr. Braga received fifty-eight persons into communion."

As the reader may readily infer, the work in this State, while it has been blessed with such a marked degree of success, has likewise suffered

much opposition and persecution. While Catholic prelates in Baltimore in 1884 recommended that the Holy Bible should have a conspicuous place in every family library, and be frequently and lovingly read, and Roman Catholic authorities in China and Japan are doing something to provide the New Testament for their adherents, in Brazil they burn the Bible as if it were a breeder of pestilence. There is now in the possession of the Bible Society a remnant of a Portuguese Bible literally snatched from the flames into which it had been cast in Batataes, São Paulo, by order of a Roman Catholic priest and rescued by the Society's colporteur, who had sold it to a man only a few days before. The interesting fact is that while this burning of Bibles is frequent, it invariably leads to a larger demand and increased sales. In illustration of the truth of this an interesting work has since sprung up in that very town of Batataes. The colporteur has several times visited the place and sold considerable numbers of Scriptures and the missionary and native worker stationed there have also from time to time disposed of a number of copies.

A few years ago one of our colporteurs was sent from Rio de Janeiro by rail to begin work as soon as he entered the State of São Paulo. The first place visited was Cruzeiro, the station on the Central railway, whence begins the railroad running through southern Minas Geraes. The people living immediately around the sta-

tion number only a few hundred: but the town of Cruzeiro a short distance away numbers a few thousands. From there the colporteur wrote: "On Monday I sold ten Bibles, four Testaments, and five Gospels more than on Saturday. The priest has torn up five Bibles and four Testaments. The street was perfectly white with the leaves of the Word of God. He said much against me, but I went and offered him a Bible and he was very angry, saying, I was a false man. I told him he was a Pharisee, deceiving the people, and that God was waiting to bring him to judgment for the way he had torn up His Word. He said he was ready to give account for what he had done, and meant to search for others that he might destroy them also. Many of them he cannot get as the men have taken them home to their farms.

About seven years later I sent another colporteur, Manoel P. de Lacerda, to go over the same ground. He was blessed with very large sales, and wrote frequently of the readiness with which many purchased the Scriptures, and even spoke of the eagerness of some to read the Bible in this section where the priest had torn up so many only a few years ago. From the next station on the railroad, he made visits to a number of neighbourhoods round about, and found some persons who had been reading the Bibles sold by the former colporteur. The priest did not destroy them all; and those remaining were

bearing fruit in the enlightenment and salvation of souls. Sr. Lacerda, recently visiting that section wrote: "As regards my work here (in the State of São Paulo) I am more satisfied, for I see every day the love of God being manifested in many ways. I was on a small farm near Cachoeira and there I met a young man who was an enemy to the Gospel, and who said the Protestants were false and enemies of God. I spoke to him openly of Jesus Christ and His love, of His doctrine and will, and of our obligation to Him. After a long time he showed that he was becoming interested, but insisted that he had the true Holy Scriptures. He finally sent to get it from a person to whom he had lent it; and what was my surprise when I opened the book and showed him that it was not the word of God. It was a little book written by the Sellician priests, who are the Jesuit Inquisitors under another mask. After further conversation he said to me that he was convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, and that the Protestants are right. He bought a Bible, as did also another young man who had heard the conversation.

These statements show that it is not without much effort that the Scriptures are sold in Brazil. Many have to be persuaded that they have even a right to read the Word of God; others have to be convinced that the little Catholic books they have are not the inspired Holy Scriptures, and with nearly all we have to labour hard and long

to prove to them that our Bible is not false, but that it is genuine, the true and revealed word of God. The work of a colporteur is by no means a light and easy task. To do successful work one needs to be well instructed in the Holy Scriptures and in the arguments necessary to refute such objections and opposition as we meet with constantly: and he must likewise be a man of strong faith and earnest prayer, a man of courage and consecration.

When I first went to São Paulo, my attention was attracted to the large numbers of Italian immigrants to be seen on every hand. They were already coming in considerable numbers to the State even before the emancipation of the slaves: but after the emancipation act, the coffee planters contracted for them in much larger numbers. They had been arriving in Brazil at the rate of 10,000 or 12,000 annually, and the year of the emancipation 104,000 came: in the year 1891 more than 132,000 were admitted. Within the last twenty years about 1,000,000 Italian immigrants have entered Brazil, and the great majority of them have located in the State of São Paulo, proving valuable substitutes for the slaves who when freed began at once to leave the plantations and drift to the towns and villages.

In our colportage work we have given special attention to the distribution of Scriptures among these people in their own language; and our efforts have been fruitful of good results: many

of them have been converted and a few valuable workers have risen up among them.

At the time my attention was first directed to them, I had a most interesting visit and work at the immigrant station, where were one thousand and eighty-three Italians, just from the ships. I went to the station-house in company with Sr. João Bernini, our colporteur in São Paulo, himself an Italian. The people were drawn to him at once by the fact that he could speak their language, and he doubtless had a peculiar interest in them because they were his own fellow-countrymen. The meeting and the manner of his address to them were deeply interesting to me. I knew nothing of their tongue, and could do little else than pray while he talked to them out of the Scriptures. Many of them became interested, and those who had money bought copies of the Scriptures; to those who had no money we gave copies. Near by the station is a police post. Just as soon as the people began to collect around us, three policemen came up to know what we were doing. I apprehended they were going to interfere with us and while Sr. Bernini continued talking to the Italians, I undertook to explain to the policemen our business. I showed them copies of the Scriptures in their tongue. Two of the three became interested and bought copies. Very soon they returned to their house and continued reading, gathering around them some of their own people who knew the Portu-

guese language. During the time we were there one family came up, in which only a bright-eyed little girl of about eleven years could read. They were very poor, but seemed anxious to learn more of the Gospel. We gave the little girl a copy of the Scriptures, and told her to read it to her parents. A similar case was one in which only a boy of twelve years could read; his mother gave him money, and he bought a copy. The last I saw of these the girl and boy were reading to their parents and others who had gathered around them.

Some of the fruits of this sowing have already been gathered into the Protestant churches scattered over the State while some have gone back to Italy carrying the knowledge of the truth with them. The Italians are still coming into São Paulo in large numbers annually, and might give the State great trouble should there be an occasion for their uprising. At present they are industrious and seemingly quite contented. We distributed thousands of Scriptures among them in their native language, some of our colporteurs in ordering Scriptures, asking for as many in Italian as in Portuguese.

The city of São Paulo has become a dumping ground for the Jesuits expelled from the Philippines and Cuba. The monasteries and churches are full of them, and more are continually arriving. The newcomers are terrible fanatics, and are a real menace to the nation. Their influence

is seen in the following from one of the col-porteurs: "I am sending you another small order for books. The padres are making a very active contrapropaganda here, and doing all in their power to keep the people from buying the Word. It is only lately that we have met with such tremendous opposition, as though the padres had all been specially advised to warn the people. The lines are getting more finely drawn every day, and it is interesting to follow the rapid developments. The anarchists also, of whom there are very many here, are busy with their propaganda. We meet them everywhere, and they are nearly always rank atheists, thinking that all religion is as foul and false as the Roman Catholic. However, the Lord is still with us in the distribution of the Word and in testimony to its saving power." On the other hand a Christian lawyer in the city has recently become deeply concerned about the circulation of the Scriptures among his people, and has opened a small book store at his own expense with a view to the sale of Bible and Testaments.

Fairly systematic and regular canvassing is carried on in most of the towns and villages and country settlements, but still there are many districts remote from railroads and main thoroughfares where little or nothing has been done. In the western part of the State there is an almost unexplored region inhabited by wild tribes of Indians. As yet there has been no opportunity

for an effort to give them the Written Word. These red men, so near, will furnish a magnificent field for the zeal and enterprise of the native church which is developing so rapidly into a self-supporting and self-propagating institution.

We recognize the many advantages the Bible work derives from the enlightenment and education of the Paulistas, but it is abundantly evident the Bible itself has helped to produce these favourable conditions. We must bear in mind also that by no means has all opposition disappeared. The Roman Catholic Church and priesthood are just as persistent in their efforts as they have ever been to prevent the circulation of the Written Word of God. The more enlightened and liberalized condition of the people may prevent them from much physical violence, but their denunciations of us and our work, and their threats to excommunicate all who read the Bible, are in a measure more bitter. Fondness for outward show is unquestionably a prominent Brazilian characteristic. It is marvellous how much they are influenced in matters of dress, social customs and religious practices by those things that make brilliant and great displays before the eye. This has been utilized by the clergy to entice the masses to their churches, and to dissuade them from buying and reading the Bible, by giving prominence to repeated popular festivals, processions, pilgrimages, and gatherings where

crowds, ritualistic performances, and the like could not fail to impress the people.

In this connection mention should be made of a translation of the Book of Psalms into the choicest Portuguese language, preserving the blank verse style of the original, by a talented Brazilian scholar, Sr. Saraiva, an ex-priest, who was for several years professor in the McKenzie College at São Paulo. We anticipate a large circulation of this little book. It is a notable fact that the spirit of praise is wanting in the Roman Catholic worship. Doubtless this book of Psalms will do much to show the people the spirit of real devotion and praise. It will be another of the uplifting influences that have emanated from the city of São Paulo to be felt throughout the entire country.

XII

Southern Provinces

A FAITHFUL COLPORTEUR—A COASTING STEAMER
—BY WAGON AND HORSEBACK—THE BIBLE OR
THE ALMANAC.

THE territory embraced in the journeys now to be described includes the southern provinces of Paraná, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul, and the great interior province of Matto Grosso. This latter forms the extensive highlands or table lands of Brazil, reaching towards the Andes: it is drained on the one side by the Amazon and on the other by the La Plata rivers.

It was on a Sunday morning in Nov. 1888 when I sailed out of Rio bay on board a national coasting steamer, bound for the Provinces of Santa Catharina and Paraná. Our voyage was one of the stormiest that I have ever made. Our passengers were all dreadfully sea-sick, as Brazilians generally are, in which misery I took an active part, as I generally do. We called at Santos, of which port we have already spoken, and at Paranagua, to which reference will be made later on. The storm continued for three

days, and so did the sea-sickness. I made some effort to offer the Scriptures to all on board, but no one was in the humour for buying, and I was really too much taken up with internal disturbances to enter heartily into the work. I think about the only passage of Scripture that could have been fully appreciated just at that time was, "and there was no more sea;" I am confident that many longed for such a land.

The distance from Rio to Desterro, the capital of Santa Catharina, is 485 miles. This city, now called Florianopolis, has a population of about 25,000 inhabitants, and is located on a large island, distant from the mainland about two miles. The channel between the island and the mainland furnishes a safe harbour for vessels, unless in case of a storm sweeping along the coast.

Our colporteur, Sr. Pedro Di-Giovanni, who had been at work there for a time, came on board to take me ashore and gave me a warm welcome to his bachelor's quarters in a small rented house near the shore. He has worked in several districts, and is well known and highly esteemed by many of the missionaries and native Christians. He has been longer in the service than any other man that we now have, has never demanded a large salary, has all the time been very economical, and often has paid his own travelling expenses out of his small earnings. I adapted myself to his style of living and travelling while

with him. We spent several days together in the city, and sold a good many Scriptures, being for the most part kindly received, while a number of persons showed much interest in the Gospel. The President of the Province at that time was known to be a warm friend to the Protestant cause and had frequently heard the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church in Rio de Janeiro. He received me cordially, and we had a most interesting conversation on the religion of Jesus Christ and the circulation of the Bible. I found that he hesitated to declare publicly his faith because of social and political interests. After recent experiences of opposition and persecution in other parts it was quite refreshing to find the people generally so kindly disposed toward us and our work. There was not a missionary at that time in the State, and only one or two had by chance visited Desterro in passing up and down the coast. Upon a further study of the spirit of the people I found that German Protestant influence had done much to remove prejudices and enlighten many; the fact also that no active and aggressive missionary work up to that time had been attempted in the Province was a consideration. I met one of the seven German Lutheran pastors, who were serving the colonists located in different sections of the Province and learned that they were making no special evangelistic efforts to reach the Brazilians, but were confining their work exclusively

to the German colonists. Very little had been done in the way of circulating the Scriptures among these colonists and their children, who are growing up in large numbers and settling in the country. Here was work that we must evidently undertake sooner or later.

The interest manifested by many in the city to know more of the Gospel led me to hire a suitable room where I preached twice to large and attentive audiences, the only disturbance being that made by a few bad boys in the street. I was impressed that this was a favourable place to locate a mission station. The Presbyterians who have since opened work in the city have been very successful, although their efforts have provoked some opposition, as might be expected when the Romanists see that the Protestants mean to carry on continued and aggressive work.

A few towns and settlements along the coast and near the rivers may be reached by small vessels, and there is one railroad sixty-five miles long from the town of Laguna on the coast, but apart from these the Bible must be carried by pack mule to the 285,000 souls scattered over the State.

The colporteur and I decided to try first a journey along the coast. As a matter of economy our colporteurs always travel second class on the trains, and second or steerage on the steamers. I have made it a rule when travelling and working along with them to take the same fare

that they do, though sometimes it is hard to the flesh, and perhaps in a measure prejudicial to the health. In the present instance we embarked on a small coasting vessel one afternoon, and there being no second class we took the steerage. As soon as our vessel was fairly under headway we were called to dinner: each man was given a tin plate or pan, a cup and spoon; the fejuada, (black beans and dried salt beef seasoned with a bit of fat bacon) sprinkled over with mandioca meal, was dished out plentifully. All sat around on deck with pans in hand eating, and finished up the meal with a cup of black coffee. We made a canvass of the ship and sold a few copies of the Scriptures. Some showed interest in the Gospel, and we had occasion to explain to them more about the book and the way of salvation. When the hour for retiring came I went below to view the prospect: the sight was repulsive and the odours unbearable. It would be difficult to describe fully the rooms, or rather the one large apartment, with a few bunks, and hammocks, the filthy bedding, the sea-sick passengers, the heat and the odours. I quickly returned to the deck and began looking around for some sheltered spot where I could rest for the night. Drawing on my mackintosh to shield me from the cold and drizzling rain, making my pillow a coil of rope, I soon fell asleep and but for the cold wind and rain might have passed a fairly comfortable night. Fresh air with wind and rain

was preferable by far to filth, heat and bad smells. The next morning we had a cup of coffee and a bit of coarse stale bread just before we reached the town of San Francisco on an island of the same name, and with a population of about 3,000. There we disembarked and secured lodging in a second rate hotel. We had a most interesting time offering the Scriptures and talking with the people. Quite a number bought copies, and many expressed a desire to have us remain longer with them: but after finishing the canvass we continued our journey to other parts. The Presbyterian mission has now a most interesting group of believers in the town. From that point we took a small launch up the bay and along a small river to the town of Joinville, a German colony founded about 1851. There were at the time of my visit more than 10,000 persons in the district, of whom one-third were Romanists and the remaining two-thirds Lutherans. I found among them churches, schools, a printing press and weekly paper, shops, factories, etc. This colony has proven a great success. I found that they were poorly supplied with Bibles, and as our stock in the German language was small we had to leave the work to be done at a later date. When a colporteur with a good supply did visit them he had large sales. I spent a Sunday there, a day never to be forgotten. It was painful to note early in the morning that this was the great market day: the colonists began coming in large

numbers with the produce from their farms and gardens: buying and selling went on at a lively rate all through the village. At ten o'clock a few gathered in the church for the usual weekly worship: I counted nine men and boys and thirty-four women and girls. I was not sufficiently acquainted with the language to understand the sermon, but the whole service seemed rather a perfunctory performance, in which there was little evidence of the Spirit's presence. Doubtless these German settlers are models of industry and thrift for the Brazilians, but I fear they have done but little to give them a true conception of the real character of the religion of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Bible.

Another of the famous and most successful of the ten or more German colonies located in this State is farther south and in the valley of the Itajahy river. This colony bears the name of Dr. Blummenau, who founded it a half a century ago. The colonists have prospered in many ways: their agricultural school and their libraries have proven great blessings to them; they have many saw mills, sugar and other factories, have constructed a number of bridges and have built many miles of road. This colony was awarded a prize of 10,000 francs at the Paris Exposition of 1867 as being one of the institutions of most benefit to humanity. We have shipped supplies of Scriptures direct from Rio, which have been distributed among the colonists who comprise

about three-fourths of the population of the district.

From Joinville we went inland a distance of about forty miles to the village of Oxford. We travelled in a covered wagon drawn by five horses; the road was macadamized; the houses along the way were well built, and fenced in, having nicely cultivated flower gardens; there were occasional stores, blacksmith shops, school houses, churches, etc., by the roadside and the whole aspect of the country was more German than Brazilian. At different places along the way I made such entries in my note book as the following, "here we sold one Bible and two New Testaments," "there we sold fourteen copies of the Scriptures," and so on. From Oxford we walked two and a half miles to the village of São Bento, and carried as many Scriptures as we could: the way was dusty and the sun hot, and our burdens seemed to increase in weight all the time. But we had good sales, and felt amply paid for the toilsome effort. The German pastor bought three Bibles and gave me an order for a number to be sent him from Rio.

At Oxford we found another wagon that took us quite a distance further interior. At the terminus of this stage we secured animals and started out on a route that led us to the borders of a section inhabited by wild Indians. The trading station where we stopped was owned by a Russian. A number of Indians were about the

place. We sold two copies of the Scriptures: the Russian at my request kindly interpreted passages of the Word to several Indians present. They seemed very much interested, and desired him to continue. From that point our journey was in the direction of the Province of Paraná: we had to cross Indian territory. As we journeyed along two settlers met us and warned us to turn aside and go into Paraná by another route, as the Indians were very angry with the whites at that time. A party of white men in an encounter with them had killed about twenty or thirty, including a number of women and children. We were told that some of the Indian women knelt before the armed men, pleading to be spared, but they were most brutally murdered. We hastened a retreat and took another road, though a somewhat longer one: distance and travel were preferable to the prospect of falling into the hands of the enraged red men. There was little or no opportunity for Bible work through this section, and in order to save time our guide had prepared food before hand, so that we would not have to stop to cook anything. The food generally prepared for such occasions consists of dried beef or chicken cooked and mixed with a good quantity of farinha, (the dry mandioca meal) and sometimes black beans are included. This is put into a sack and may last for several days. The second or third day out I called the guide's attention to the fact that the



OX-CARTS, RIO GRANDE DO SUL

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meat was no longer good. He remarked, "I am surprised, this has been cooked only five days, and I was calculating that it would be good for at least eight." For my part I suffered hunger that day: we fortunately arrived early the following day where we obtained fresh food.

After crossing into Paraná the first place visited was Rio Negro, a village of a few hundred inhabitants, surrounded by quite a large agricultural population. There we sold Scriptures in several different languages, colonists of several nationalities having settled in that district. Among them was quite a colony of Polish emigrants. A small Catholic church on one side of the village had been given up entirely to them, and an Italian priest, who was reported to be seeking gain, had compromised with them on a form of worship and the mass. He of course mumbled his ceremonies in Latin, and they nearly all with books in hand insisted on singing wierd and dirge-like music with words in their own language. The scene was a striking one as I stood at the door and looked in that Sunday morning. There was the priest in all his robes with his acolytes dressed in white and black, all bowing and bending around the brilliantly ornamented altar and images: through the centre of the church, running more than half way back, was a tier of low benches without backs upon which were seated all the women and children: each woman and large girl was dressed in a white waist, a gay and

varied coloured skirt, with a fancy coloured handkerchief tied over the head. The men were dressed in white shirts, with pants stuck in their big boot tops, a broad leather belt about the waist from which hung a pistol or a big knife, and a satchel swung over the shoulder; they stood in the spaces on each side and in the rear of the church encircling the women, as if they were on guard or were there for protection: they as well as the women took an active part in the weird and mournful singing. There were very few Brazilians present, and they stood on the outside. We met an occasional German Protestant in that section, and were impressed with the liberalizing influence their presence was having in the community.

From that village our journey was northward to the town of Lapa, and thence onward to Curitiba. We spent a number of days along the way, travelling on foot, on horse-back, and in a wagon. We arrived at a river which had overflowed its banks and swept away the bridge, leaving only the large cross beams, which had been fastened more securely to the abutments. We had to crawl over on these, carrying on our backs our baggage, saddles, and books, and our animals were made to swim across the angry stream. We stopped that night at a small hut near the river where a family was living in great poverty: they seemed to take much delight in giving us shelter, though we had to furnish our own food

and do the cooking: we took occasion to divide with them as they apparently had little or nothing to eat. How they manage to live I could not discern. The only thing I saw them take, save what we gave them, was the *mate*, usually denominated the Paraguay tea, which all sipped through a quill from the same gourd, passing it around as the Indians do the pipe. Our room was small, with a rough board floor, mud walls, and a wooden roof: our light was a tallow candle moulded in a piece of bamboo, or large cane: one side was split down for a few inches, broken to a right angle and stuck in the wall, thus serving for candle-stick: as the candle was consumed the bamboo was broken away a little at a time: our beds were a few poles strapped together and resting on cross pieces of wood, supported by a fork on one side, and by being driven into the mud wall on the other. We read to the man and his family passages of the Scriptures and talked to them of Jesus and His salvation. When I asked him if he would not like to have a Bible, he went to his room, brought an Ayers' Almanac, which is printed in Portuguese and distributed gratuitously through Brazil, and said that he had some months previously made a trip to the seacoast, that a merchant had very generously given him the book, that he had not yet finished reading it and it would be useless to have another book until he had read all that was in this one. He wanted to know if I considered the almanac a good book.

I was much taken back, and really had nothing to say against the pamphlet, for I remembered how fondly, when a boy, I read the jokes in Ayer's Almanac. He had been kind in giving us shelter and *mate* and I left with them a Bible as we bade them good-bye the next day. This journey led us through a region from which is gathered large quantities of the *mate*. This Paraguayan tea is simply the leaves of a forest tree or shrub which grows without cultivation, gathered while green, dried over a hot fire, and then broken or ground up in mills. It makes a refreshing drink whose tonic influences extend over several hours. It is taken freely the first thing in the morning, in the middle of the afternoon, and in the evening after dinner. The mode of drinking it is from a little egg-shaped gourd usually about three or four inches in depth and about three in diameter. This is filled with the dry leaves from an opening at the smaller end, then boiling water is added as much as it will contain, a long tube about the size of a lead pencil with a kind of perforated bulb serving as a strainer is inserted in the gourd and the tea is imbibed through this. It may be the section of a cane or reed, while some are made of metal, and the finer ones of silver. These gourds and tubes are many times beautifully and artistically ornamented for the wealthier people. The gourd holds only a few swallows, and after being emptied is again refilled and handed in turn to

each person composing the company. The host always samples it before passing it to the guests. The *mate* is pretty generally used by all classes in Southern Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic, and it is exported to many other parts of South America. Some efforts have been made to introduce it into other countries.

At the town of Lapa, in a number of villages and country settlements on the way to Curitiba we sold many copies of the Scriptures in several different languages, precious seed that must bring forth its fruits some day: indeed the missionaries have already extended their work along that line and are gathering in numbers of believers.

Curitiba, the capital of the state of Paraná, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, situated on a plain more than 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and about seventy-five miles from the coast, is a comparatively modern and well built city. A railroad from Paranagua, with several short branches, has now nearly 200 miles open to traffic. At the time of my visit there was a well established Presbyterian mission in the city, with a successful school. We spent several days in the city and were very successful in our sales of Bibles. The field was so large and inviting that I left the colporteur to carry on the work. In consultation with the workers there plans were formed for extending the distribution through the State, which plans have been largely carried out, and different colporteurs have from time to time gone to almost

every section of the State scattering the seed. The missionaries and native preachers have all the time most heartily co-operated in these efforts, and we have distributed the Scriptures through the State in the Portuguese, German, Italian, Polish, English, Arabic, and other languages. This field has been the scene of much active Gospel work and of gratifying results during the last ten or twelve years.

In the city of Curitiba I was admiring the vast proportions of an unfinished Roman Catholic Church on a prominent site, and inquired of a gentleman near by why the church had not been completed. His reply was that once the stone and material for finishing it were all on the ground and the money largely in hand; but just at that time the Emperor proposed to visit the city: they decided to use the stone and the money to complete a portion of the macadamized road from the sea coast for the occasion, and since that time they had not been able to secure the funds necessary for the work. This appreciation of the Emperor's visit stood in striking contrast to the sentiments I heard in a Republican speech one night in the city about two months after the overthrow of the Monarchy. The young statesman was most unkind and unjust in his remarks about the Emperor and the Imperial family: and what was more surprising was that a number of his auditors approved of the ingratitude and the unjust criticisms.

The railroad through the serro from Curitiba to Paranagua is a clever feat of engineering skill. The road winds around and up mountain sides, over deep chasms and through tunnels, and is said to have been the scene of many horrible deaths during the naval revolt of 1893-4, when revolutionists were carried in numbers on the train to the higher points and hurled alive into the depths below.

XIII

Rio Grande do Sul

A FINE CLIMATE—EARLY SETTLERS—GERMAN INFLUENCE—LIBERAL IDEAS.

THE incidents and observations in Bible work to be recorded under the head of this journey are confined to the Province of Rio Grande do Sul, the extreme southernmost State of the Republic, and formerly belonged to the La Plata Agency. I have visited this section twice, first in the year 1895 and again in 1899.

The distance from Rio de Janeiro to the bar at the entrance to the Rio Grande do Sul harbour is 780 miles. I first made the voyage on a small Italian steamer, and we had a rough and uncomfortable time for three days and a half until we cast anchor off the city of Rio Grande do Sul. Our passengers were few and the crew was small, so that little could be done in the way of Bible work. The captain, however, proved to be a Methodist and a member of the Church in Montevideo, a novel surprise in this part of the world, and we had most delightful conversations together.

The state of Rio Grande do Sul has a milder

and finer climate than any other section of the country, partly due to the general altitude, which is about 2,000 feet. It embraces about 142,000 square miles—almost as large as the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, or nearly three times the size of England. The soil for the most part is very fertile and easily cultivated. The vast plains are adapted to cattle raising, and the fertile valleys and hills to a variety of agriculture. Fruits and cereals of tropical as well as of colder climates thrive. There are extensive forests of large trees, easily accessible for lumber, and medicinal plants are numerous. In different parts such minerals as gold, silver, iron, copper, coal, etc., are found.

Quite a number of navigable rivers empty into the great lake which extends from the city of Rio Grande do Sul, on the seacoast, about one hundred and sixty-five miles to the capital, Porto Alegre. Railroad construction is comparatively easy, and perhaps no other State of the Republic is better provided with means of transportation; and certainly, if present projects are carried into effect, it will soon be far ahead of any other State in this respect. The general prosperity is indicated by the marked increase during the later years of exports over imports, and a notable improvement in the finances of the State.

This is one of the most recently settled States of the Republic. The first Portuguese settlers

landed in the year 1715. In 1740 large numbers of young married people came from the Azores, and the Rio Grandenses are proud to-day to say that they sprang from the Azorians. This may readily be believed when their sturdy, industrious habits and other excellent qualities are observed.

These first families were soon followed by 4,000 more, who found a fertile soil and a congenial climate for their development. The census taken in 1814 showed a population of 70,656; that of 1862, 392,725, of whom more than 50,000 were slaves; that of 1890, 897,455, and it is believed now by many that the population is about 1,200,000. Since 1824 German immigrants have come in in large numbers, and it is estimated that there are now 200,000 or 250,000 Germans in the colonies, not to mention the thousands who have been born in Brazil, and who have become Brazilian citizens. There are perhaps 150,000 Italians colonized in the State. The colonists have settled on what seems a very wise plan; they all have titles to their lands, are there to stay for the most part, and seem prosperous and happy. What is so well known as to the religious, moral, and intellectual condition of the Brazilian in other parts may in a general way be applied to the inhabitants of this State, though there are conditions and influences which have altered the situation in these respects. The Azorian origin of the first settlers; the agricultural and cattle-raising occupations, scattering the people in rural life in-

stead of congregating them in towns and large cities; the large influx of Germans, especially of the Protestant Lutheran faith; the superiority of climate, and other influences have had a liberalizing and stimulating effect upon the intellectual and moral life of the people. The French naturalist, Augusto de Saint Hilario, in 1821, observed that decadence and unbelief in Roman Catholicism was very marked and Sr. Alfredo Verelo, a native of that State, in a very important work has recently said that they had made rapid strides and that even before the great revolution the Roman Church no longer exercised that spiritual government over the people which in other times was so strong and intense, and adds that the Rio Grandenses are the most emancipated of all the Brazilians. They are doubtless turning rapidly away from the corrupted Roman Church, but a more important question just now for us is, Unto what are they turning? Positivism and many forms of unbelief are finding rich fields for their growth, and great numbers are perfectly indifferent as to any form of religious belief.

They are making fair progress in education. It is affirmed that they will soon have throughout the State about 1,800 public schools, though this seems hardly possible, since they have at present only 746. On my recent visit I witnessed the conferring of diplomas on a class of about twenty young women who had just finished the course in the normal school in Port Alegre. In travel

through the State, I always found the people liberal and very frank in their conversation on matters of religion and education. I met with nothing in the way of persecution, or specially of scorning at the circulating of Holy Scriptures and at the Christian religion. I was impressed that the people generally are very accessible and ready to hear. I need not emphasize their needs, since the needs of Brazil are so well known to the Church. There are a million of people practically without the Gospel and the means of grace. In that mild climate and on that fertile soil the population is rapidly increasing, and the wise administration of the State government is inducing large European immigration. Now is the time for the evangelization of a section that is destined to be the home of millions.

The city of Porto Alegre, the capital of the State, is located on an elevation at the head of Lagoa dos Patos (Duck's Lake) or rather on the Guayiba estuary which is formed by the waters of four rivers emptying into this inland sea. The view from the deck of the vessel as one approaches the city is picturesque and delightful, with the ranges of wooded hills, the banks covered with farms and country houses nestling in luxuriant foliage, and the distant view of Porto Alegre crowning the hill. The lake is an important body of water about 150 miles long and thirty miles at its greatest width. It varies in depth from thirty to 140 feet, and would permit ocean

steamers to go up to the city of Porto Alegre but for the very shallow water on the extensive bar or wide channel in front of the city of Rio Grande do Sul extending toward the ocean over a distance of some miles. This may be improved by dredging but as yet little has been really accomplished in this way.

I was impressed on my first arrival that the community furnished a rich field for Bible distribution, and while I was awaiting the arrival of a delayed colporteur I improved the opportunity of making an effort in that direction. My custom was to go, early in the morning, into the streets with as many Bibles, Testaments and Gospels as I could carry. I usually sold out by nine or ten o'clock: then returned for breakfast, a rest and some reading. In the afternoon I would go again loaded down with Scriptures, which I generally disposed of by five o'clock in the afternoon, when I returned for dinner. Occasionally a second supply had to be sought, and some times I made large sales in the market. I was much encouraged by the wide-open door for the entrance of the truth and found the people ready to listen to words of explanation and commendation of the Bible. In passing a house one day I saw a number of army officials at the window. When I offered them the Bible they began to make fun of religion. I made no reply till they had said their say, and then entered into conversation with them, which resulted in the

sale of sixteen copies before I moved from the window. Incidents of like character occurred almost daily while I was in the city.

The entries in my note book show each time I went into the streets for work such as the following: sold twelve copies of the Scriptures, sold twenty-six copies, sold eight copies, sold twenty-two copies; one day the sales reached forty-six copies. I left the colporteur to carry on the work, which he did very successfully for a time. From this central point thousands of copies have gone out into all directions through the State, and the reading of them has stirred up much interest. Both the Methodist and Episcopal Missionaries and their helpers are following up the colporteurs, establishing regular services in many places and gathering in the fruits. On my second visit to the State I made a trip on horseback one hundred and twenty miles to get an insight into the needs of the Italian and German colonists north from the city of Porto Alegre and was gratified to find that the work done by our colporteur in these colonies some years ago had developed into regularly organized churches.

With some aid from abroad the people have built comfortable churches, and in the lack of well-prepared and ordained ministers one of the Italian colporteurs of the Bible Society, Rev. Matteo Donatti, is now serving in the pastoral office. The people generally seem to be industrious and prosperous, and I had hoped to secure

from among them an Italian colporteur who would be able to visit all the colonists and extend the circulation of the Scriptures among them more generally.

On the same occasion I travelled westward by river steamer and by rail, more than two hundred miles inland to the town of Santa Maria da Bocca do Monte, where I established one of our colporteurs who has carried on a most successful work through that region. The mayor of the town was very kind and granted us permission to sell the Scriptures without paying for a license. The first day's work showed fourteen Bibles and sixteen Testaments sold. A few years ago a man across the border in the Argentine Republic secured a Bible from a colporteur, was converted through the reading of it, and when he came over and settled in the State of Rio Grande do Sul he heard of a Presbyterian Missionary in the State of Paraná. He made the long journey of several days crossing the State of Santa Catharina, finally reaching the Missionary in Paraná. I believe he made the trip the second time, and after being more fully instructed in the way he was baptized and received into the communion. He has, at different times, secured small supplies of Bibles and scattered them in the region round about Cruz Alta. Our colporteurs have made two visits to that section and have sold a number of Scriptures. At the time of my second visit to the city of Rio Grande do Sul the Convocation

of the Episcopal Church was in session, and I was invited to a seat and given a special hour to speak on the Bible cause. Our work has the cordial support of all the members of the Convocation, some of whom have rendered valuable aid to our colporteur in that field, and have done me many favours as the agent of the Bible Society. I had most pleasant interviews with the preachers privately and enjoyed their Christian fellowship. They are an aggressive body of men, and are happy under the efficient presidency of their new Bishop, Rev. L. L. Kinsolving. I had the pleasure during my short stay in the city of witnessing the interesting ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the church which they proposed to build for their growing congregation, and by invitation I spoke a few words on the occasion. I also received many kindnesses from the Rev. A. W. Greeman, P. E. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under whose supervision the Methodist work was at that time.

In the German colonies and in a few towns there are twenty-seven German Lutheran pastors, most of whom are engaged during the week in teaching German schools, many of which are subsidized by the German Emperor. A number of them serve several churches, and rarely minister to any one congregation more than once a month. Much of their strength is consumed in these day schools. They are formed into a synod, and are now connected with the State Church of Prussia,

a union which I am persuaded has very great political significance. The work of the pastors is confined to the Germans, but few of them have learned Portuguese and perhaps none have a sufficient command of the language to preach with facility to the Brazilians, had they the time and the disposition. They are not even following up that German element which is constantly passing out of the colonies and becoming absorbed in the Brazilian population. Their very presence exerts an enlightening and liberalizing influence in the State, but they are by no means a direct, aggressive force among the natives. A few years ago their Synod in session resolved to buy the Scriptures needed for their work from the American Bible Society and they have purchased from us considerable quantities of German Scriptures during the last two or three years.

There can be no doubt that the large and increasing German population in the States of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina, and Paraná is becoming a predominant element in the agricultural, commercial, political, social and religious life of that important section of Brazil. My observation is that they are pretty generally contented with their surroundings, and that there is no thought among them of creating any political disturbance or rebelling against the Brazilian Government. They are law-abiding, prosperous, and happy and seem quite willing that civil affairs should continue as they are. Of course

I cannot say what Germany's designs may be with reference to these colonists and the desirable territory over which they are spread. It is a well known fact, however, that all the native born Germans among them, and a large majority, if not all, of the Brazilian born Germans are thoroughly loyal to Germany, and should the issue ever arise the German Emperor may depend upon their sympathy and support. It is of the highest importance that the Bible Society should see that they are kept well supplied with the Holy Scriptures. The agent endeavours to keep at work among them at most one German colporteur. Protestant Mission enterprise should do everything possible to encourage their thorough evangelization. The younger generations spreading out and mingling with the native Brazilians form an important element to be looked after and utilised in building up an evangelical Protestant Church.

The work of the Bible Society in Southern Brazil meets with most cordial support among Brazilians, Germans and Italians; the Protestant Missionaries, native-workers and German pastors all delight to cooperate with us in the glorious work. Each visit of the agent to that section has seemed to awaken new interest. Shortly after my first visit there a young Brazilian, who seemed deeply impressed with our work and plans wrote the following to one of the evangelical papers: "Behold here comes breaking

through the horizon of Brazil the Sun of Reformation, the Bible, and already the darkness of libertinism declines. 'The Bible,' which, in the language of the philosopher Robert Boyle, 'is among books what the diamond is among stones,' comes here seeking its place of honour in Brazilian literature. The Bible that has traversed eighteen centuries, reforming, regenerating, and civilizing societies, presents itself in the nineteenth century to the great Brazilian Republic, and offers its services in favour of regeneration. Brazil needs this divine code, whose laws are the only means of saving the country from the abysm of anarchy which seems to be approaching. Only the Bible will be able to deliver it, only the Bible will be able to regenerate the character of our citizens, and when those regenerated demonstrate in their lives the power of the Book of books, then inevitably the wave of reformation will increase more and more in volume until it spreads all over vast Brazil.

"There is no doubt that the Bible will encounter gigantic obstacles and elevated barriers, but notwithstanding she will conquer.

"As when the king of day rises slowly on the horizon, black night begins to fade away, so when the Bible shall arrive at its zenith; that is, when it shall be known by all Brazilians, the darkness of superstition and incredulity will fade away. Victory will not delay long. The Bible will soon be the rule of faith to the Brazilian

family, and not only the rule of faith, but also the code from which parents will learn the sound morality of the Divine Saviour, and will teach their dear children that they may know how to love their Creator, their neighbour, and their country. Dear reader, do you wish to see peace in your home? Bring into it the Book of books, and dedicate some hours to the reading of the same, asking at the same time the blessings of the Omnipotent. If you will do this you will have peace in your home; and where there is peace there is prosperity. Read the Bible, for it is the written Word of God."

I have no doubt that these sentiments are finding an echo in thousands of Brazilian hearts.

The only remaining district from which we have to report is the great region embraced in the State of Matto Grosso, whose highlands are drained on the north by tributaries of the La Plata river. It is about 1,379,651 square kilometers in territorial extent and has a population of about 120,000. The city of Cuyabá, with a population of 15,000 is the capital; there are several other towns with from 3,000 to 6,000 inhabitants. A great part of the State is almost unexplored territory, and is inhabited by Indians yet in the savage state.

The means of communication from Rio de Janeiro is by a national line of ocean steamers, which go down the coast 1,101 miles to Montevideo, and thence up the La Plata and Paraguay

rivers 1,650 miles to Corumba, from that point to Cuyabá, the distance of 441 miles is made by vessels of lighter draft; thus the entire distance from Rio de Janeiro to the Capital of Matto Grosso is 3,192. The reader may recall that on the journey up the Amazon we went to Manáos, 3,253 miles from Rio de Janeiro. The same Steamship Company navigates the two routes, the total of which is 6,445 miles or more than one-fourth of the distance around the globe. I suppose there is not another line of steamers in the world making such distances to reach two points in national territory. We may add to this sum another 700 miles of navigation from Manáos on the Amazon to the Santo Antonio falls on the Madeira river, making a total of 7,145 miles. To complete the circle over land, or rather by ascending a series of waterfalls and continuing navigation we make a distance of about 1,175 miles more on the Madeira and Guapore rivers, and then about fifty miles on horseback, which brings us to the terminus of navigation by the Paraguay river route. The entire distance of the circle we will have made is 8,370 miles, equal to one-third of the earth's circumference.

Until recently the State of Matto Grosso was included in the La Plata Agency; since it was transferred to the Brazil Agency we have made several consignments of books for distribution in that territory. No permanent mission work has

yet been established there, though one of the men sent out by the Christian Alliance did work there for a while, and another, Rev. W. C. Cook, has just completed the journey across country from Goyaz to Cuyabá, where he remains for the present. The Scriptures distributed in that region are producing like results to what the reader has seen recorded in other parts of the country. Time and opportunity have not yet been favourable for me to visit that State, but the few scattered inhabitants are not being entirely neglected, and I trust that I may even be brought to them some day to do more in giving them the Word of Life.

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